

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY . . CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND AND NORTH-WEST AMERICA.



J. E. LAUGHLIN 1900.

WAITING FOR THE HOME CALL

(See article on page 4.)

Musings from Many Minds

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.

You will never hear a rich man complain of Fortune's ill eyesight.

We lie unto God in prayer if we do not rely upon Him after prayer.

A boaster is a sword-fish, who wears his only weapon in his mouth.—Madden.

Happiness is easy when we have learned to renounce.—Madame de Staël.

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill? Pay even debt as if God wrote the bill.—W. R. Emerson.

Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world.

The brave man carries out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own words.

You have no right to speak where you are not quite sure that Christ has spoken before you.

It is a true saying that a man must eat a peck of salt with his friend before he knows him.

There is a remedy for all things but death, which will be sure to lay us out flat some time or other.

Some men forget their sins so easily that they are often amazed and hurt when others remind them.

There is a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things.

If Conscience smites thee once, it is admonition; if twice, it is condemnation. —Cecil.

Many an irksome noise, going a long way off in head and music; a proud, sweet satire on the meanness of our lives.

Every time we delay answering when Conscience knocks at the door of our hearts, we defraud ourselves of Opportunity.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, and never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thee own. —James Russell Lowell.

There is no lot in life so stern, and cold, and hard, but it has somewhere a warm and secret corner where the human affection can blossom.—Jefferson.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and he who speaks agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order.—Bacon.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops. One single sin induced in snakes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.

Don't blind yourself by imagining there is no scope for developing a noble nature, or for doing better deeds in your calling. There is, and if you do not find it just where your lot is cast, you would not find it on a royal throne, were you to be seated on one to-morrow.

Christianity is not a power that has sprung out of the hidden depths of man's nature, but as one which descended from above, because heaven opened itself for the rescue of revolted humanity; a power which, as it is exalted above all that human nature can create out of its own resources, must impart to that nature a new life, and change it from its inmost centre.—Bendner.

Faith is not the compulsory and passive adhesion of a mind conquered by

proofs; it is a force of the soul, as unexposable in its principle as any of those native qualities which distinguish one man from his fellows—a force which does not content itself with accepting the truth, but which is possessed with it, embraces it, identifies itself with it, and lets itself be borne on thereby to all the consequences that it points out and enjoins.—Vinet.

The Second Epistle of Peter Green.

In Which He Gives a Receipt How to Gain Notoriety.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

I see you put my last letter in yer paper, but you forgot all about de infernashun. Notoriety I spose is gud, but somehow we don't seem to learn a greet deal of it, an I wud like to explain in yu dat I have got plenty of dat articlek, an in fakt a little more den I have ever askt for. Not long ago, a man dat klaims to have forgot more den I have ever learnt, wanted to no if I had ever heard of a greet man wid de name of Darwin, or som sitch name. I told him der used to be a Lieutenant in de Army wid de name of Darby, perhaps it was he; and he said no, Lieutenants were not grate men, an de von he had reference to had ridden more books den a Lieutenant had ever sitch, an akordin to his books de Bible was no kwite ole enuff, and we did not clanklike kome from Adam, but on akount of evolushun or revelushun. I forget wifich (and dikshunaries is skars aroun here) de munkies shud be responsible for us, an we shud be an improved lot of dat tribe, an he wanted me to kind of side in wid him. Well, I always wanted ter do wat was rite, an after workin my interiekt aroun a bit, I told him it looked ter me as if it was

Workin de 'Rong Way.

as I have seen a few pepel dat in later years have got to look more like dat funny animel, de munkey, dat is tu der own kredit. But after 30 years of my own observashun, an akordin to de description of my greet grandfather, dat he perhaps got from his greet grandfather, it don't seem to work much our way wid de munkey, he has not been enny more dan holdin his own for de last 100 years or so.

"Oh, well, he said, 'dat is nothing, in a millyun years or so you will see de differens.'"

Wel, I no a munkey is grate at initashun, an he may in dat time learn to smoke a cigarret, or somting-like dat, but I an dignorant, an I an hardly wait to be kinsaint enny way, an if he had bin havin lots of eksampels before him, get dat far, he wud not kwite be up wid som men dat I no. He said I was a gud menny more years behind de times den I have ever lived, an I don't see yet how der is any more den 2 weeks ago on der dese here men dat hav got "will power" enuff to run an air-ship against de kurrent, an kea kwitt drinkin wiskey enny time dey want to, but never seem to want to just now, stopped me on de street, an he said I wud be I got attorties, from tu say dat a glass of wiskey wud send a man to hell, I told him dat wen he heard me say ennyting dat was rong, it wud be best to korrek me rite der an den, on not want a moment for safekeeping. De von he said wiskey was all rite if was made of God, an was all rite in his place. Now, Mr. Editor, it makes me hot, Kristian like, you no, wen dese here "kud be, but never was" temperens men begins to rekkenmend wiskey. So I just up an toll him dat arenk was made of God to.

But Men's Stummocks were not de Place for It.

nor fer wiskey niddar, an dat if dere is a hell, an som saktis seems ter indikate dat dere is, an wenny seems to get kwite a smart taste of it rite here in dis worlud, tounsands have paid for a shore titche inta dat hell wen dey paid for dere first glases of wiskey, an it wud be reasonable to suppose dat tounsands have travelt inta an ekstenshun of dat hell in eternity. It rite here in dis worlud, an yet I have never heard of ennybody from dese parts dat hav got into enny kind of a heven in dis worlud, or have been suspected of enny, ter get dere in de nekst wld de help of wiskey. We had not yet sent enny man to de kaiser, an a faunstiek, an a lot of dard kweer

names dat only get dere wen dey travelt in a city-ande dikshunary. An just last nite, amunder man toll me dere was no sense in de Army, an if he had his way de hole lot of us shud be put in de penitensieries. And when a common jail wud be a gud enuff, an he said it wud be far tu gud fer us. So I toll him I was kwite willin to go, an if he wud turn de sensibele to any let in de Army, we wud do de very best of de institushun. An I wud kude we go in all rite, I suspect yu go tu bi dat time if yu be reddy. But I'm walkin loose yet, an I hope ye are de same. So ye see, Mr. Editor, I don't finde to spoil peas and waste ing ter find no common jail wud be no special in de 6 days (on Sundays yu are supposed to be ennyway), an wen ye are outside de church an de house, dat yu are a Kristian, an yer will get plenty; an if yer want ter make de job komplet, just put on a few klouses in "Salvashun Army," painted on em, an it works about de same as puttin a red blanket over a rock in front of a mud ball, you are shure to attrakt somting or somebody. I don't tink Backwoods is bein enny man's town, kinderin de dis, fer de moment, an I wud like ter be up wid dem in hite as well as sideways, I just feel like holdin de side I am on.

Yours de same as before,

Peter Green.

WITH THE ALASKAN INDIANS.

Capt. Goodwin Visits Klawack and Enrolls 25 Red Soldiers—How the Indians Became Reliable Workers.

Dear War Cry,—

I am not in the habit of contributing to your valuable columns. One reason is because I have not yet discovered my ability for anything in that line. However, I thought since I was like to send you a few lines and tell you something of our work in the far North.

I was only in Skagway three days when Bro. and Sister Benson (Indians) came from Klawack and told of the number of natives who, through the meetings held by them, had been brought to God. Sergeant told me when he went there the drinking and fighting were awful; now all is changed, and instead of drinking and carousing, songs of salvation are heard all over the village. As they had not yet seen a white captain, they were anxious I should visit them, so I decided to return with Bro. Benson. After two days' ride, passing through the most beautiful scenery I ever saw, we arrived at our destination. A meeting was at once called by a brother beating the drum at the door of the barracks. Soon a crowd gathered and we had a good time. But the night meeting was the crowning time. How I wished that others could have witnessed the sight. Think about this, this is where you get it. We came out for salvation at the close. The next night I arranged for a soldiers' meeting, explaining the rules of the Army, Bro. Benson interpreting for me, and I think they understood what it meant to be a Salvationist.

In the meeting which followed, twenty-five were enrolled. Mr. Harlow, the U. S. Inspector of Canneries, who was visiting Klawack at the time, gave an address that was much appreciated by the natives. His acceptance of the invitation to come to Jesus. "God be with you," was sung at the close as only natives can sing it.

The next morning I took the boat for home. The superintendent's wife told me that never till this summer could the Indians be depended on to do their work, but now there is no difficulty in getting out the fishing crews. God bless Bro. Benson, his whole-hearted conversion would put many to shame whose advantages are as much as his. He was converted through Adj. McGill, at Skagway, then went to his own people to tell them the glad news. God has honored his work, and he now has the confidence of all who know him.

He who serves God with a pure heart, laying aside all human interests, and seeking only the Divine honor, may hope to succeed in his efforts even when to others they seem desperate, since the operations of God are beyond the ken of mortal vision, and depend on the secret of human policy.—San Carlo Morrome.

CLINTON DISTRICT.

Salvation Picnic—Great Hosannah Meeting—Ensign Hoddinott with His Lantern—Clinton Band and Officers Visit Goderich.

We have been having some good times here of late. The interest is increasing and the old devil is kicking. We are believing for a smash-up in his ranks very soon.

On August 14th and 15th, we had our picnic and special go in Clinton. The reception meeting, in which all the officers of the District took part, was an interesting occasion. The Hallelujah Preacher, from Goderich, was in evidence, and Capt. Dowell, of Seaford, did us good service, as also did Lieutenant Plant, of Bayfield.

Wednesday, the 15th, was a great day with us. The weather was all that could be desired, and a very enjoyable day was spent by all at the picnic grounds. Adj. Orchard, our worthy D. O., was in evidence as usual, and had charge of the arrangements. The music of the band added very much to the pleasure of the day.

In the afternoon a lively free-and-easy was engineered by the Adjutant. Capt. Burton, of Palmerston, was there; his solo, "Fire a volley!" took well. Treas. Scott Cowan, of Palmerston, gave a short address. Sergt-Major Martin, of St. Thomas, was also there, as was Lieut. Smith, of Goderich.

After doing justice to all the good things provided on the picnic grounds, we headed for "Armen Corner," in Clinton, where we had a large open-air meeting. Then for the S. A. Citadel, where the "Hosannah Meeting" had been announced to take place. What a time we had! How we praised God! Ensign Hattie Scott, of Stratford, soloed, with guitar accompaniment. Sergt. Allen, of Mitchell, led the War Cry band, and sang words; also Mrs. Green, of Bayfield. Ensign Hoddinott was as happy as usual, and took a prominent part in the meeting. Captain Heister, an old officer of Clinton, had a few words. Everybody was delighted to see her. Capt. Burton read a few verses from the Bible, and the meeting was brought to a close. We went home tired but happy, and shall not forget for some time to come our day's outing and special meetings.

The following Saturday and Sunday, Ensign Hoddinott was with us again. His lantern service was good, and everybody was pleased with it. All day on Sunday, God was with us, and we had a real good day.

On Monday, Adj. Orchard, Captain White, Capt. and Mrs. Dowell, and our Clinton band visited Goderich. In spite of the heavy rain just as we started, and then again as we arrived, we had a nice time. Songs, solos, and duets were given by the band, together with some splendid music, which we believe was enjoyed by all.

Under the leadership of Bandmaster Clark, the band is improving very nicely, and we are believing for even greater accomplishments in the future.

Capt. Coe and Lieut. Smith are to be congratulated upon their good supper provided to us, which we did real good service. We understand the social was a good financial success.

The officers and band will appreciate a little rest after the rush of the past few days.

The band expects to visit Palmerston Labor Day, Sept. 3rd.—Capt. W. White.

Indifference about the salvation of the world is disloyalty to Christ.

Dr. Joseph Parker says: There are many people who are only waiting for a good opportunity. But there is an immense difficulty in getting them in the meantime to do the next thing, a very simple thing. Beware of genius! It is not translatable into some kind of action and charity. It is not a dream from heaven, but a nightmare from where I know not.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

II. THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XIX. THE ADVENTURES OF MARIUS.

The chief foe of Marius was almost always his second in command, Publius Cornelius Sulla, one of the men of the highest family in Rome. He had all the high culture and elegant learning that Marius despised, spoke and wrote Greek as easily as Latin, and was well read in Greek poetry and philosophy; but he was given up to all the excesses of luxury in which the wealthy Romans indulged. His face was said to be like a mulberry sprinkled with salt, with a terrible pair of blue eyes glaring out of it.

In 93 he was sent to command against Mithridates, King of Pontus, one of the little kingdoms in Asia Minor that had sprung up out of the breaking-up of Alexander's empire. Under Mithridates it had grown very powerful. He was of Persian birth, had all the learning and science both of Greece and the far East, and was said in especial to be wonderfully learned in all plants and their virtues, so as to have made himself proof against all kinds of poison, and he could speak twenty-five languages.

He had great powers in Asia Minor, and took upon himself to appoint a king of Cappadocia, thus leading to a quarrel with the Romans. In the midst of the Social War, when he thought they had their hands full in Italy, Mithridates caused all the native inhabitants of Asia Minor to rise upon the Romans among them in one night and murder them all, so that eighty thousand are said to have perished.

Sulla was ordered by Rome to take command of the army which was to avenge their death; but, while he was raising his forces, Marius, angry that the Patricians had hindered the Plebeians and Italians from gaining more by the Social War, raised up a great insurrection, meaning to overpower the Patricians' resistance. Sulla came to the rescue of his friends with six newly-raised legions, and Marius could only just contrive to escape from Rome, where he was proclaimed a traitor and a price set on his head. He was now seventy years old, but full of spirit. First, he escaped to his own farm, whence he hoped to reach Ostia, where a ship was waiting for him; but a party of horsemen were seen coming, and he was hidden in a cart full of beans and driven down to the coast, where he embarked, meaning to go to Africa; but adverse winds and want of food forced him to land at Circium, whence, with a few friends, he made his way along the coast through woods and rocks. At last a troop of horsemen was seen coming towards them, and at the same time two ships near the coast. The only hope was in swimming out to the nearest shore; but the water was with great difficulty. Even then the ships were so near the shore that the pursuers could command the crew to throw Marius out, but this they refused to do, though they only waited till the soldiers were gone, to put him on shore again. Here he was in a marshy, boggy place, where an old man let him rest in his cottage, and then hid him in a cave under a heap of rushes. Again, however, the troops appeared and threatened him, and he was hiding an enemy of the Romans. It was in Marius' hearing, and, fearing to be betrayed, he rushed out into a pool, where he stood up to his neck in water till a soldier saw him, and he was dragged out and taken to the city of Minturnæ.

There the council decided on his death, and sent a soldier to kill him, but the fierce old man stood glaring at him, and said, "Darest thou kill Caius Marius?" The man was so frightened that he ran away crying out, "I cannot kill Caius Marius." The Senate of Minturnæ took this as an omen, and remembered besides that he had been a good friend to the Italians, so they conducted him through a sacred grove to the sea, and sent him off to Africa. On landing, he sent his son to ask shelter from one of the Numidian princes, and, while waiting for an answer, he was harassed by a messenger from a Roman officer of low rank, forbidding his presence in Africa. He made no reply till the messenger pressed to know what to say to his master. Then the old man looked up, and sternly answered, "Ray that



Bible Readings from Jamaica.

VIII.—THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

IN the 12th of Mark we read it, how our Lord and Saviour stood Looking on, as in the Treasury people cast in what they would. May be as He marked their faces, looked into their eyes and heart, Knowing what they should have given, while they oft kept back a part, He would weigh them up with sorrow, seen their motives with a sigh, Thinking of the day of reckoning; knowing that they soon would die. Some were rich and cast in silver; some, it may be, threw in gold; But there came a certain widow who cast in two mites, we're told. And the Saviour's heart was gladdened, as He looked upon the scene; Calling His disciples to Him, telling them what He had seen, Said He to them: "This poor widow hath cast in more than they all— They but gave of their abundance—she has answered ev'ry call!" So He had it well recorded, not alone in books above, For the Bible tells the story of this widow, and her love.



THE WIDOW'S MITE.

There are some to-day who question whether they've a right to give; They, methinks, should question, rather, whether they've a right to live! In their wilful blindness seeing what they only want to see, They will miss the promised blessings, may be through eternity. There are others who will tell you that they're not now under law; Not a text you'll bring before them, but they'll find out some slight flaw. Some wise-a-eres, theologians, will explain the truth away, So they spend on selfish pleasures, pounds that should be God's to-day.

Listen! Malachi is speaking! Down the ages comes the cry! Jeremiah still is weeping, while the days are going by. "Ye have robbed me—this whole nation, so the blessing cannot come, Spite of all your church-bell ringing, and your noisy Army drum! Bring the tithes into My store-house, bring your free-will offerings, too; Prove Me now herewith, ye rebels, and you'll see what I will do. I will open Heaven's windows, and will pour a blessing such As your hearts can scarce receive it, since you cannot ask too much. I'll rebuke the great devourer; I will cause your vine to shoot; While all nations call you blessed, and your land brings forth its fruit."

Reader! May be you've been praying for the promised showers to come, And you've wondered while you listened to the worldliness of some Who are known as leading Christians, but who lack the promised power, What is needed—oh, so needed!—in this nineteenth century hour. Do not wonder; what man soweth, that shall man most surely reap; God Almighty has not altered; nor has He dropped off to sleep. If you'll save your life you'll lose it; if you'll lose it you will save— And this test shall try your actions, from your cradle to your grave.

you have seen Caius Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage—a grand rebuke for the insolent to fallen greatness. But Numidians could not receive him, and he could only find shelter in a little island on the coast.

There he soon heard that no sower had Sulla embarked for the East than Rome had fallen into dire confusion. The consul, Caius Octavius and Publius Cornelius Cinna, were of opposite parties, and had had a furious fight, in which Cinna was driven out of Rome, and at the same time the Italians had begun a new Social War. Marius saw that his time was come. He hurried to Etruria, where he was joined by a party of his friends and five hundred runaway slaves. He formed another army under Quintus Sertorius, and the Samnites, and overpowered the troops sent against them, and marched to Rome, declaring that they would have no peace till they had destroyed the wolf's lair. Cinna and an army were encamping on a hill, and as he was really consul, the Senate, in their distress, admitted him, hoping that he would stop the rest; but when he marched in and seated himself again in his chair of office, he had by his side old Marius clothed in rags.

They were bent on revenge, and terrible it was, beginning with the consul, Caius Octavius, who had disdained to flee, and whose head was severed from his body and displayed in the Forum, with those of many other Senators of the noblest blood in Rome, who had offended either Marius or Cinna. Marius walked along in gloomy silence, answering no one; but his followers were bidden to spare only those to whom he gave his hand to be kissed. The slaves pillaged the houses, murdered many on their own account, and everything was in the wildest uproar, till the two chiefs called in Sertorius with a legion to restore order. Then they named themselves consuls, without even asking for an election, and thus Marius was seven times consul. He wanted to go out to the East and take the command from Sulla, but his health was too much broken, and before the year of his consulate was over he died. The last time he had left the house he had said to some friends that no man ought to trust again to such a doubtful fortune as his had been; and then he took to his bed for seven days, without any known illness, and was there found dead, so that he was thought to have starved himself to death.

Going Deep Down.

According to the depth of our relations with God is the constancy of our enjoyment of His strength and freshness. During this hot summer the grass, which has its roots in the surface soil, burns up under the heat of the sun. But the clover, which sends roots a yard long into the subsoil, suffers far less from either drought or heat. It finds moisture down there in the dryest and hottest weather, and like the clover leaves up into the sun fearlessly. So when we make our relations to God deep and true, we always can draw from Him the comfort and the strength to endure and to do what is demanded of us. We feel real life in our relations to other men do, but with them we feel something deeper that enables us to endure them. "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

A Prayer.

By ST. AUGUSTINE.

O Thou full of compassion, I commit and commend myself unto Thee, in Whom I am, live, and know. Be Thou the Goal of my pilgrimage, and my rest by the way. Let my soul take refuge from the crowd of evil, from the tumult of worldly thoughts beneath the shadow of Thy wings; let my heart, this sea of restless waves, find peace in Thee, O God. Thou bounteous Giver of all good gifts, give to him who is weak and feeble, and quicken by Thy word. For Thou art the Well-Spring of life, the Light of eternal brightness, wherein the just live who love Thee. Be it unto me according to Thy word, Amen!



HOW many notes of no uncertain sound! How many lessons borne on the breeze, reverberated by mountain and dale, by river flow and ocean wave and the song of birds!

"Shall the harvest pass and the Summer be ended while our ear is too dull or our heart too heavy, or our lassitude too great to hearken to the music of its chant?"

"And yet we may touch upon a thousand different chords and not perhaps dwell upon the particular theme of help and inspiration and strength that Summer's day should bring to you. To each heart, and to each individual life, it seems to me the Summer bears its own particular lesson, sings, as it were, its solo; if we will but hear and heed what its voice of passing melody would say."

SONG OF HARVEST.

Let me mention, however, some of the most piercing and appealing of its chorus notes which have especially spoken to me. There is the song of the sickle, the chant of the scythe—in other words, the song of the harvest.

"There is a time for sowing. No anticipation of harvest advantages, no assurance of its sunlit splendor or its golden riches can make us independent of its arduous toil, and the out-of-sight sacrifice of the weary sowing season. It is so in all spheres; it is so in the spiritual world. God has said, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' That is, if he would reap he must sow. It is so on the field of service for others, sometimes I think peculiarly and especially so. Not one soul of the great redeemed host has been won, even by Him with whom the will and the might are equal, without tears and pain and groanings which cannot be uttered, which cannot be measured, which not one of us bought with a price can fully grasp or understand."

JUST THE MOMENT.

But while this is all true about the sowing time, I sometimes think we do not sufficiently value the opportunity for reaping. When I was on our Amity Colony a little time back, they were telling me how much depends upon gathering the fruit and getting in the various crops at just the right moment, and how they lay hands on the women and children, almost to the babies, anybody and everybody available, in order that after the tolls of sowing and the wearies and watchings and privations of months gone by, their labors may not be in vain just because they failed to equal the opportunity of harvest.

Now, I think this harvesting season, the Shilshur song of the threshing machine's wheel, this eye striking of the golden grain with the shining scythe or the piercing sickle, has its lesson for us—for you and for me.

How many a field lies waiting! How many a heart, waiting often not for the light of convincing truth, not for the rains of God's preparing warnings, not for the thunders of His pent-up wrath, not for the long sowing of His patient love, but rather for the instant coming of a pointed word, of a kind entirety, of a drawing into the garner, and the sheaf of wheat would fall at our feet, and the Kingdom of Heaven would be richer and a soul would be won!

A LADY IN BLACK.

I was sitting in a car a little time back, and a woman in black occupied the seat at my side. She was sorrowful in appearance, but seemed willing to possess that dignity and independence of demeanor, which made me imagine her difficult to approach. She was reading, or appearing to read, from a magazine which she held listlessly, seldom turning over its leaves. A little later and she

dropped the book, and I felt instinctively that my opportunity had come.

I lifted my heart in prayer, and although I was a little surprised to find that it required in this particular case quite an effort on my part to do so, I seized my chance.

"Excuse me," I said, "but there seems to be trouble in your face, and I have

His vineyard, but sorrow of a very unique character had blighted all the blossom of her life's highest ambition, and in the bitterness and mystery of it all she had forsaken her best Comforter, and now the Summer for her was all but ended, the harvest was all but past, and she was not saved!

But her weary and chastened and broken spirit was ripe for the feet of the Crucified. Who said, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and I had the satisfaction after but that one harvest effort of kneeling with her in the train at eventide, and of realizing in her behalf that the broken and contrite heart He does not despise!

Another time the Summer song, with its harvest lesson, was brought home to my heart, and again it was in a train.

THE CORNER SEAT.

I was sitting in one of the crowded third-class carriages of a London local train, when a boy of some thirteen or fourteen years leapt in, taking the corner seat. He was a smart, intelligent-looking lad, and in his very dress and

what would you wish and expect of the girl with your professions who might sit next him?" My heart was beating wildly. I fully expected to be met with a rebuff that would amount to my amount of bad language, and from the appearance of my fellow-travelers, and the readiness of the public in those localities at that time in the Army's history to "down" any interference of the sort as gross impudences, I felt as though in speaking to him I was traveling to my certain doom.

But, lowering my voice, and striving to leave the consequences with God, I said, "Excuse me, as I can remember, excuse me, but I have brothers, and do you know, it seems to me that you are too good a boy to read that kind of a book?"

The lad, to my utter astonishment, colored scarlet. He looked as surprised and overcome as though I had shot him. His hands trembled, and after a few more added words, he burst into tears, owned to me that it was the first book that he had ever read, that he had never previously had at school but persuaded him to read it, and in as humble and manly a manner as one of our Juniors might have shown upon receiving a similar reproof, he promised me that he would take the book straight to his mother, and never again open another of its sort.

The lad's heart was ripened by the mother's Christian teaching and the father's example for the scythe of a Salvationist's straight dealing, and doubtless, the whole current of that young man's life was transformed under God through those few simple words spoken at the opportune moment.

WHAT RESPONSIBILITY.

Those responsibility would it have been had that child passed the hour of that ripened preparation and traveled on to the woeful experience when the Summer of his soul's chance would be ended, and the harvest of his bright opportunity be past?

But these two related incidents, culled from memory's page out of a life crowded with similar experiences, persuade me that there is a very solemn possibility of forgetting, in our efforts to prepare unprepared, and amid discouraging dealings with the Pharise-like hardened in heart, that, nevertheless, there exists a broad field to be found if we have eyes to see it, at our very feet, often pressing around us on every hand, which is white unto harvest, full of acorn and sheaf, of condemned spirits, longing souls, perplexed, tossed, shipwrecked, despairing ones, ripe for the Blood's cleansing, for the Lord's pardon, and for the full and glorious life which has scattered our Winter doubts and darknesses for ever!

Only the scythe of a word is needed; sometimes only the sickle of a hand's pressure; only the assurance of encouragement, and the harvest is made the more plentiful. But the angels of Heaven take up the Summer song of earth over one more sinner that repenteth, over one more soldier won for the ranks of the Cross.

Oh, that the Lord of the harvest may find us alive to the opportunity of the harvest while it is here!

(To be continued.)

Some Fruit of the Spirit.

They had all gone into the hay-field, leaving him to look up. Just as he was ready, and going out at the front door, there came a rat-tat-tat at the back.

"Hang the fellow!" he exclaimed, requiring the door.

"Do you want any fish to-day?"

"Not me," and he banged the door in his face.

Going along the passage, the still small Voice said, "That like Christ?"

He again he opened the door, and called out, "Hi, man! That was old John Smith that spoke before, but new John Smith should be a different chap. I'll have some fish, please. We learnt a lesson from the door."

Lovely fruit, that—any growing in your garden, eh? Name, "Gentleness," or "Kindness."

A big, muscular recruit goes to his work (two thousand men employed by the firm). His former mates place him about uniform, not smoking, not joining in raffish, etc. They hide his tools and try to "rag" him. This last weather he gets wearied out towards three o'clock. "Well, you know, it's a very little ago, some of ye used to be a heap sprawling on yer backs long afore now; but Jesus saves me." And they fall back cowed. They call that "Long-suffering," or "Patience." Grows both early and late.

An Experience.

I HAVE seen His face in blessing
When my eyes were dimmed with tears;
I have felt His Hand caressing
When my heart was torn with fears
When the shadows gathered o'er me,
And the gloom fell, thick as night,
In the darkness just before me,
There were tokens of His light.

I have stepped in waves of sorrow
Till my soul was covered o'er;
I have dreaded oft the morrow,
And the path which lay before,
But, when sinking in my sadness,
I have felt His helping Hand,
And, ere daydawn, came His gladness,
With the courage to withstand.

I was wand'ring and He found me,
Brought me from the verge of hell;
I was bruised, and He bound me
Sick I was, He made me well;
I was wounded and He healed me,
When a-weary of the strife,
I was erring, and He sealed me,
Dead, His Spirit gave me life.

By His life's blood He has claimed me
As a jewel in His sight;
As a child of His, He's named me,
Brought me forth to walk in light.
So I'm fighting till He calls me,
Walking in the path He trod,
And I care not what befalls me,
Living in the life of God.

—Wm. J. McALONAN.

been wondering whether I might be able to help you. We are sometimes able to help each other as we tread life's stormy pathway." I had said it hesitatingly, and tears welled up in my eyes as I spoke, which I was careful to do with a voice that others in the car might not hear.

A BROKEN HEART.

Her answer was an everlasting encouragement to my own heart. It seemed as though a veil was removed, and though the wall of partition between us fell down, and opening wide her deep, penetrating grey eyes, she sighed, "I was wondering whether you would speak to me; I thought you were a Salvation lady. I—I am a woman with a broken heart."

That lady afterwards unfolded a tale of sorrow too deep and too long for record here. She had known the Lord long years before, and even, worked in

hearing seemed to evidence the touch of a father's care and mother's love.

Presently, after taking what seemed to me a suspiciously shy look around the carriage, he drew from his pocket a book, and doubling it that the covers could not be seen by others, he began to read. Speedily he became engrossed in the story, and I had ample opportunity of edging a little nearer to him that I might see the character of the book

which evidently the lad was perusing with so marked a sense of condemnation.

I was quite young myself, had probably never seen the inside of a doubtful book in my life, but this one required, even to my inexperienced eye, very little examination to discern its utterly immoral bearing.

I knew what I ought to do. Quick as a lightning flash the thought was presented, "Suppose this was your brother,

OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE.

Jerse Doples.

What a Soldier x Should Know.

ACTIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Religion is nothing, except life and energy are introduced into it. The progress of the world to-day is due to the efforts of the men and nations who have been active in the cause of his advancement, likewise the progress of the Christian Church. If the people of God are alive to their opportunities, His work will prosper, the claims of His Kingdom will be brought to the front, and the work of God will revive. Does activity characterize your life, or have you ceased being alive in the cause of Jesus Christ and dying humanity? God desires us to be up and doing. Thousands of careless souls are drifting towards the pit. A dead religion will have no effect upon them. Indifference on the part of the professed followers of Christ will not help to stop them. Is your religion one of life and energy?

☪ The Week's ☪ ☪ Ammunition. ☪

MONDAY.—"Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. xii. 14.

In the first part of this verse, Paul exhorts us to be at peace with our neighbor. Enmity is one of the attributes of the devil. Neglecting to walk in the light, as revealed to us each day, is the direct road to backsliding.

TUESDAY.—"Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees."—Heb. xii. 12.

We are here exhorted to be strong ourselves, and to seek to strengthen our comrades, who may feel unable to continue the combat, or the race.

WEDNESDAY.—"For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as sons; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?"—Heb. xii. 6-7.

If an earthly father is interested in his children, then how much more so is the Father of our spirits interested in us! His chastenings all spring from His love for us.

THURSDAY.—"The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."—Heb. xiii. 6.

The storms of persecution may assail us from without, but so long as we have Jesus Christ and Heaven on our side, we have no occasion to fear. The body may perish, but the soul shall live for ever.

FRIDAY.—"Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines. For it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace; not with meats which have not profited them that have been occupied therein."—Heb. xiii. 9.

Have your faith established firmly in the unchangeable God. It is a dangerous thing to become mixed up with strange teachings.

SATURDAY.—"And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."—Gal. v. 24.

We can only claim to be fully the Lord's after having, as it were, nailed the flesh to the cross, whence it has no power to break loose—with its affections and lusts—all its evil passions, appetites, and inclinations.

Don't Wait for Invitation.

Having found out what he can do, he should at once push himself forward to do it. The eyes of the Salvation Army officers ought to be always going to and fro in the camps to find out those men and women who have talents, and to give them an opportunity to exercise them, but officers have a great deal to do, and very often fail to make the best of every soldier. This being so, he must not wait for them, but if he feels that he has a call from the Spirit of God, or if he feels urged to any particular form of work, he should push himself forward for its performance. He should tell his Captain what it is that he thinks God wants him to do, or if he has no particular conviction, tell him that he must find out what he is fit for, and give him a place in the fight.

Seek the Guidance of God.

If such work be not given in sufficient quantity, it is the duty of the soldier to seek for guidance from God, and, if he think proper, from superior officers, in order to find out work for himself, and to do it to the best of his ability, whether encouraged by officers, or not. Nevertheless, he must not undertake any work which his officers think will interfere or be opposed to any branch of the war at present in operation.

Work for Every Person.

In the Salvation Army there is labor suited for persons of every capacity, age and station. He must take every chance of speaking in the barracks or in the open-air, praying in the meetings, selling War Cries, visiting public-houses, inviting people to the barracks, visiting the sick, or the like.

Work Nearest Your Home.

A soldier should take special interest in the ward in which he lives; he should ask for the direction of the sergeant as to what he can do for the salvation of those within it, and, failing sufficient direction, he should do his best according to his own judgment, re-

lying upon God for guidance and help. In places where the ward system has not been properly established or kept up, a soldier should, notwithstanding, take special interest in the streets nearest his home, and carry out some definite plan of operation for the good of the people.

Bring People to the Meetings.

It is the duty of every soldier to labor always to bring fresh people to the Army services, to convict of sin and to lead to Christ all unsaved persons, and especially follow up, and persistently labor for, the salvation of notorious sinners.

The Reflector.

FOR THOUGHTFUL READERS.

In Our Daily Path.

The opportunity for kind words and for the simplest acts of brotherhood are in the daily path of us all. An encouraging word to the servant, of thanks to the pastor, of something outside his righteous fee to the doctor, the seat yielded to another, the precious chance for pleasure surrendered, the confidence given, the trust reposed—these are opportunities shared by all; and the people with whom such things are habitual by reason of the inspiration to do them for the love of God, and the love He bears His creatures, do not need heroic deeds and mighty sacrifices in order to come within the scope of amprovement.

"Hast Thou Found Me, O Mine Enemy?"

The light that shines from Christ is a perpetual revelation; it gives a consciousness of darkness, and the darkness must be felt. There are times when the world exclaims in weariness, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" And the Church must answer that there can be no rest so long as evil remains unchecked. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Boundless are our possibilities of faithful service. Shall we not use them rightly?

Your Own Overseer.

All men need taskmasters. A pedestrian of well-known swiftness and endurance makes the confession that, when he walks along the street, he is likely to fall into the lazy gait of the majority. It is not until he drops behind some rapid walker, and sees how much he must increase his speed to keep up, that he realizes how weakly he has been strolling along. Fortunate for the men who know how to get the most out of themselves by acting as their own taskmasters. They are the workers by schedule. They plan each day in advance, and do not toil at haphazard. Carefully estimating what they can do, and should do, they hold themselves rigorously to the tasks they have fixed, and so avoid the necessity of having overseers. And they are the sort who rise to be overseers of others.

Refined Cruelty.

Many a man who would be ashamed to strike a brute beast with a bludgeon, has no shame in making a bludgeon of his tongue, to strike human beings in the tenderest places of their being—their social sensibilities and their self-esteem. Cruelty in its gross and outward forms, we have in good measure suppressed; but the refined cruelty of the bitter word, the unloving censure, the abuse and sarcasm, are not yet extinct. Let us be as careful of men's inner skin as of their outer.

Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

Of all unsuccessful men in every shape, whether divine, or human, or devilish, there is none equal to Bunyan's Mr. Facing-both-ways—the fellow with one eye on heaven, and one on earth; who sincerely preaches one thing, and sincerely does another, and from the intensity of his unreluctance is unable either to see or feel the contradiction, and is in reality only cheating himself and his neighbors. This, of all characters upon the earth, appears to us to be the one of which there is no hope at all, a character becoming in these days alarmingly abundant; and the abundance of which makes us find even in a Reinecke an inexpressible relief.—Froude.

The Best Government.

Self-government is the best government. Government from without is a mere cruel or makeshift, to train us up to the power of self-control. God's methods in nature, in providence, and in revelation all point this way. The higher the form of life, the more inward and self-controlled are its centres of nervous and muscular activity. The higher any people in the scale of social existence, the less its dependence upon external restraints for the maintenance of order. Every act of self-control is an added help toward raising a man to the plane of his highest, best life.

Get the Right Heart.

While walking down the street one day I passed where a man was washing a large plate-glass show-window. There was one soiled spot which defied efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard and using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. "It's on the inside," he called out to someone in the store.

Many are trying to cleanse the soul from its stains. They wash it with the tears of sorrow; they scrub it with the soap of good resolves; they rub it with the chemicals of morality, but still the consciousness of it is not removed. The trouble is "it's on the inside." It is the heart that is bad. If the fountain is bitter, the stream will not be sweet.

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus, applied by the Mighty Hand of the Holy Spirit, can cleanse the inside, for God's Spirit alone can reach the inside.



HARVEST FESTIVAL

- 1900 -

September 29 and 30,
and October 1 and 2.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

About Husbands: Their Privileges and Duties.

RESPONSIBILITIES.

(Continued.)

2. THE HUSBAND IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SUPPLY OF THE TEMPORAL NEEDS OF HIS HOUSEHOLD. When he took upon him the high responsibility of leading his wife to the Altar, and, if possible, the greater responsibility still of the paternity of her children, he assumed the sacred duty of supplying their need. It is true that his wife will commonly be ready enough to join hands with him in doing her share towards the maintenance of the flock; but while he has health and strength nothing will relieve him from the main responsibility in the matter. In writing for Salvationists I have no need to talk about the heartless selfishness with which any number of fathers, calling themselves men, walk about the earth in debauchery and idleness, while their children are crying for bread, or at least living without the necessities of daily life, than which I know of nothing much more mean and cowardly, except it be the beggarly excuses made for such conduct.

3. THE HUSBAND IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONTINUED AND CAREFUL CHERISHING OF HIS LOVE FOR HIS WIFE. Now, I have already dwelt at some length upon this topic in my first article. Still, it is so vital a point that I must be allowed to say something further concerning it. Love is ever and everywhere counted a precious thing. The affection existing between man and wife before marriage is celebrated without end, forming the favorite and most popular subject for painting, music, and song. Love after marriage, however, is but little talked about, in fact, scarcely ever mentioned. According to the Painter, the Poet, the Novelist and kindred authorities, Cupid, the fabled God of Love, takes little notice of lovers after they have been fettered by the bonds of wedlock, except, alas, it be in the case of illicit affection, which, to their shame be it spoken, constitutes a theme of undying interest both to the authors and readers of fiction.

And yet I defy all the authors and the observers of Human Nature in the wide world to produce examples of purer, more satisfying, and soul-exhilarating affection than can be found in the privacy of Married Life. The poet Cowper writes of such a union as follows:

"Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss Of Paradise that has survived the Fall."

On this matter, let me give a testimony. I am ever referring to my own experience, and that partly because it is my own, and can, therefore, be referred to with confidence. I loved as lovers love for three long years before it was my privilege to take my beloved from her father's house, and call her by the precious name of wife. I loved her, I repeat, before that time. My nature is not without a measure of those powers of imagination and airy castle-building which, together, help so much to constitute the pleasure and romance of Courtship, so that I know something of the love which precedes the Altar. But

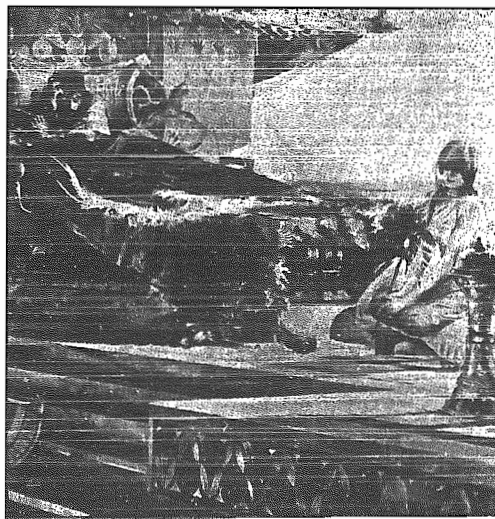
I can testify that the love of the gloomiest and stormiest days with which our married career was so frequently chequered—even the day when I saw her fading as a fair flower, and dying before my eyes—exceeded in force and fervor anything and everything that went before.

The husband should cherish his love, because it will so often prove the only means of retaining the love of his wife. It is true that woman's heart, in thousands of instances, confines to heat true, though called to suffer the bitterest knowledge that can ever come to a wife, namely, that her husband has turned away from her and is now given to money, or business, or politics, or public affairs, or perhaps what will be to her the lowest depth of agony—a strange woman. In such a case, is it to be wondered at if the wife's affections dry up, and her heart looks elsewhere for the responsive endearment and fellowship which is denied her at its legitimate source? Forsaken, betrayed, and neglected, is it surprising that she should

go into this affection business on her own account, and find, or try to find, the heaven denied her in her husband's bosom in her children and acquaintances, or that she should go further afield still, or that she should even sink down into the regions of Profligacy, or that she should slowly pine away and die of a broken heart? On many a wife's grave might be truthfully written—

"I DIE FOR WANT
of
THE LOVE PROMISED ME
by
MY HUSBAND
at
THE ALTAR."

To show how the Industries of our Rescue Homes help the girls to help themselves, let me give an instance. A poor country girl was betrayed and brought to one of our Homes, where her baby was born. The man who wronged her went away and could not be traced; the girl could not command a sufficient wage to support her child, and, if sent away, would probably have fallen. An agreement was made for her to stay in one of our Industrial Homes, for a term of years, to learn a trade. The baby, also, was provided for; and we trust the girl is now permanently rescued and fitted to take her place in the world. Above all, we believe she has been influenced by our earnest officers definitely to give herself to the Saviour.



THE EVIL SPIRIT UPON SAUL.

SAUL.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

He was not to be envied as he stood among the people, higher than any of them, "from his shoulders upwards." They had brought him out from the "staff" where he had hidden himself, in sudden fear and foreboding, and he was presented to the wayward nation of Israel as "him whom the Lord hath chosen."

Yet Saul's kingship was not, in the first place, God's choice. He Himself desired to be the King of Israel, and was "rejected," as Samuel declared, because of the popular passion for some visible leader. They declared that they must be "like all the nations," and have "a king to go before them and fight"—they whose hosts God Himself had led to victory.

They rejected God, their King, then,

as their descendants rejected Christ at Calvary.

And God showed that He was grieved. Yet His Fatherly compassion led Him to proceed with unlimited patience to

Teach the People Their Folly.

For this purpose He selected a showy hero, a man whose good qualities were all on the surface, not "a man after His own heart," but one after theirs. Saul was a granted prayer, and that is not always an unmixt blessing. He had no easy path before him when he began to reign.

Yet we must not suppose that God arranged his failure, so that he could not have been a holy and victorious king. On the contrary, from the moment of his first anointing by Samuel, God sent His Spirit upon him, so that he prophesied. To the surprise of all who knew him, he was found among the prophets, endowed with their gift, and was as "another man." God also "touched the hearts" of a band of men who went with him, ready to be his faithful adherents and wise counsellors,

even when many of his people, realizing too late that God had "given them a king in His wrath," were against him. Yes, he was mercifully gifted and helped, and with a humble, obedient spirit, he might have walked in touch with Samuel, and kept the approval of God to the end.

Saul failed because he

Did Not Obtain Real Holiness

of heart and life. Sometimes he did well, and showed excellent qualities, and it pleased God to use him against the enemies of Israel, and to win victories for His people. But he showed his want of holiness by—

1. Disobedience. We see him, in frightened impatience, offering a burnt-offering to God, instead of waiting for the coming of Samuel. And, later on, after much probation and much teaching, he failed gloriously. Before the assembled army, Samuel convicts him of sparing the Amalekites, contrary to the plainest orders to destroy them.

2. Want of zeal. He appears to have reigned two years before he himself set any vigor to destroy the Philistines, and more than that time elapsed before he built his "first altar" unto God, showing plainly his lax and easy habit of life.

3. Outwardness. He had many gifts which won him ascendancy, and appeared satisfied with them. We find him assuming a zeal before the army so great that he forbade his fainting soldiers to touch food until victory was won. He

Covered His Disobedience

concerning Amalek by the profession that the man must be a great sacrifice to the Lord. And when he is finally convinced by Samuel of his evil conduct, and formally "rejected," he pleads to be "honored" before the people, and goes through a formal worshiping of the Lord Samuel mourned for him to the end, but he strove always to be satisfied with his outward estate of king, and gave no sign of true repentance.

And God has made this life a perpetual warning to His followers. We may have gifts, and have received them from His Spirit, and yet be unsatisfied. Great success in speaking or singing, or even in soul-saving, does not prove that we are holy in mind and spirit. The carrying-on of the war in a formal and listless spirit is possible after we have lost the blessing of a clean heart.

Outward Attention

to those things which win the approval of our comrades, such as uniform, and other modes of profession, may be like Saul's desire to be honored before the people.

Even the most direct "call to the work" is not to be confused with sanctification. Saul was called and anointed by God, but he was never a holy man, and his end was a miserable tragedy, for the showy hero became a wretched sinner.

Do we desire to do the whole will of God? Is there no convenient sin, no favorite lust, that we spare? Are we even as good as we seem? Are we holy? Let us judge ourselves, that we may not be judged.

No Self-Conquest in Vice.

Vice pays, unconsciously, its tribute to virtue. It is human nature to feel a sense of satisfaction in having made a conquest of one kind or another. The man whose moral character is deteriorating never feels that, in taking a downward step, he has made a self-conquest. He never feels the stirrer for rolling down hill. He may make a loud boasting of his viciousness, but he has no sense of satisfaction or joy as a self-conqueror or overcomer. As Professor James finely says, "He who, under the surgeon's knife, represses cries of pain, or he who exposes himself to social obloquy for duty's sake, feels as if he were following the line of greatest temporary resistance. He speaks of conquering or overcoming his impulses and temptations. But the glutton, the drunkard, the coward, never talk of their conduct in that way, or say that they resist their energy, overcome their sobriety, conquer their courage, and so forth." They, like all others, are sensitive to the law of self-conquest, and know the noble delight of overcoming. But the fact that they never speak in these charmed terms of their viciousness is their tribute to those virtues on which they have turned their backs, to their own damage and misery.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTED TO GLORY—

MRS. STAFF-CAPT. PHILLIPS. Mrs. Phillips, who came out of St. John I. N. B. in 1891, promoted to Glory from London Provincial Headquarters, on Aug. 23rd, 1900.

Lieut. Bertha Burlog, who came out from Hillsboro, in 1897, promoted to glory from Belmont, N. D. June 11th, 1900.

PROMOTION—

Lieut. Trask, of Little Bay, Nfld., to be Captain.

APPOINTMENTS—

ADJT. FRANK MORRIS, from fur-
lough, to Territorial Headquarters
as Consul.

ADJT. DODD, from fur-
lough, to Meo's Shelter, Spokane, Wash.

ADJT. ALWARD, Spokane Shelter,
to Vancouver Corps and District.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



ALL communications for the contents of the War Cry should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, 100 North Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Training House, in Albert Street, Toronto.

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An Active Warrior Promoted.

The death of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, reported in another column, has left a distinct breach in our ranks. Mrs. Phillips has ever been an active, loyal, and self-sacrificing warrior. Her visits were always heralded with delight by the officers, soldiers, and friends of any corps, and were accompanied by the results most valued by Salvationists. We mourn the loss of a faithful comrade, but her sufferings are ended. She has entered into the joy of her Lord.

S. A. Famine Relief Work in India.

It is probably well known that the Army is doing considerable relief work in the Indian Famine district, but the real magnitude of the Army's share in such work can only be rightly estimated by a careful contemplation of the means adopted and the statistics just to hand.

Our present operations comprise the following sections: (1) Grain Depots. Of these we have forty-one, in which we sell, at a loss of 25% to us, grain to poor people, as well as distribute a large quantity free to those who have no means of purchase, and are unable to earn cash. By this means 25,000 people received relief. (2) Supplying cotton to weavers. We supply cotton and pay for work done. We sell the cloth at a loss of 25% to us. In this manner 3,000 men are assisted. (3) Industrial Relief Banks. We have established such in thirty-one villages, making loans to people to aid them in purchasing seed, live stock and implements for cultivation. 4,000 people are aided by this medium. (4) Day School Children. 8,500 children who attend our day-schools, and whose parents are mostly away on Government relief works, receive free grain daily. (5)

600 orphans are housed in our orphanages, and well cared for. (6) Relief work in various parts is given to 2,000 men, to build barracks, sink wells, construct irrigation canals, etc.

The knowledge that this nearly forty thousand people are kept from starvation through the Army's efforts, by the blessing of God, will doubtless be a source of thankfulness and encouragement to many sympathizing hearts. But to carry on this work money is required urgently. Already we have expended much more than we have received for this purpose. The denial of a few luxuries means the saving of life in India. Will you aid in this noble work and be the saviour of some poor Hindu?

Harvest Festival.

The more pleasant of the two great financial efforts of the Territory is approaching, and the time for preparation has arrived. We cannot lay too great a stress on timely arrangements. A campaign well thought out, carefully planned on paper, precisely ordered in the soldiers' meetings, prayed over, and pledged to, has in it every element of success. We have reason to congratulate ourselves on the magnificent accomplishments of the past in this respect. Officers and soldiers have, in the best of spirits, followed the lines laid down in the Hand-Book, and the results, in consequence of systematic effort, have been gratifying. But there is always that danger in success, to forget the means by which it has been obtained, and to become less careful in making preparations. Many a conquering general has been defeated ultimately through carelessness induced by victory. Many a sincere Christian, who came through dark storms, was brought down by prosperity. Therefore, let us WATCH. A watchful eye will detect weak points where the flood undermines the foundations.

We have every confidence that the rank and file of this Territory will rally round their leader in this as in former efforts, and make the Harvest Festival of 1900 an advanced success to carry on the work to which our lives have been consecrated, and to enrich our own hearts by helping to raise the means to help others.

Major and Mrs. Horn's Baby Gone to Heaven.

Just before going to press the sad news reaches us that Major and Mrs. Horn's baby girl, Lillian Gertrude, aged 7 months, has gone to be with Jesus. The little body died on Sunday, August 26th, and was buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery on the Monday. We are certain that the sympathy of our friends and comrades will uphold them in prayer in this trial.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. Horn's recovery is progressing satisfactorily.



August 28th, 1900.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The latest news from the South African battlefield reports a big battle in progress, commanded in person by Lord Roberts against General Botha's force of Boers, east of Pretoria. The Boers are making a determined stand, and are stubbornly resisting the British advance. The British force includes Generals Buller, French, and Pole-Carew among their commanders.—The famous Boer General, Olivier, and his three sons, were captured in an unsuccessful attack on Winburg, Orange River Colony.—Heavy reinforcements have been ordered to prepare to embark for South Africa from England.—Lieut. Cordun, a Transvaal officer, who was accused of a conspiracy to abduct Lord Roberts, has been found guilty and was shot.—There have been minor engagements in different parts of the Transvaal, as well as near the Vaal River in the Orange River Colony.—Two companies of the Liverpool Regiment were trapped near Machelodorp, losing heavily; thirty men are missing.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

The allied troops are now in possession of Peking, although the Imperial City, which forms the centre of Peking, has not been entered. Guards, however, are placed at all the doors.—It is now positively said that the Emperor, Empress Dowager, Prince Tuan, and other leaders of the anti-foreign movement have left Peking and are now flying to a more inaccessible part of the Empire.—It is feared that the Chinese will attempt to cut the communication between Peking and Tien Tsin.—Several forces of the Chinese have attacked the allied garrison at Tien Tsin, but were repulsed.—Another large force of Chinese, with many guns, is reported to be advancing on Peking.—A famine is feared in the district occupied by the allied troops, as the Boxers commandeered all the provisions before they retired, and are stopping any supplies that are consigned to that part.—The allied commanders have scarcely enough troops to hold and police Peking, and are in need of food supplies.—The railway line is under Russian control, but the repairs, though pushed with energy, will require some weeks yet before the line is placed in working order between Tien Tsin and Peking.—The Russians continue to make progress in Manchuria, while the Japanese are landing troops at Ansoy.—Li Hung Chang, who is empowered to treat for peace with the European powers, has wired the Empress Dowager requesting the arrest of Prince Tuan and the disarmament of the Boxers, to give him an opening for peace negotiations.

NORTH AMERICAN NOTES.

Typhoid fever is prevalent at Brantford.—Negro riots have been the talk of the day in several American cities; New York especially having had a number of them recently provoked by the murder of a white boy by a notorious negro.—The Duke of York will visit the United States and Canada very shortly.—Seventy-five Canadian soldiers have returned from South Africa during the week.—Lord and Lady Minto were presented with a gold box filled with nuggets, during their recent visit to the West Indies, in recognition of the fact that disastrous storms and disease have claimed many lives at Nome, Alaska.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Prince Max of Saxony has accepted a professorship in a Swiss University.—Some leading English newspapers assert that France is preparing for war with England.—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is engaged to Prince Frederick Adolf of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.—A serious uprising against the Royal family of Corea is in progress.—One thousand rebels in the State of China and have burned the Government buildings there.—Twenty-five prisoners taken in connection with the Russian riots in Caspawar, have been sentenced twenty to death, four to transportation, and one has been acquitted.—The thousand Welsh colliers are on strike, demanding the recognition of their union.—Three cases of bubonic plague have been discovered at Glasgow.—War between Bulgaria and Roumania seems inevitable.—The present position of cholera in India is one of the worst on record. Natives are dying at the rate of three thousand per week.—The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York visited the German Emperor and Empress Frederick at Castle Friedrichsloft.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips Crosses Jordan.

THROUGH EXCRUCIATING SUFFERING TO ETERNAL JOY.

"Jesus is very precious," were the last words Staff-Capt. Phillips heard from the lips of his beloved wife. Shortly afterwards she passed peacefully away. Last Christmas the nature of the fearful disease which had entered her body was revealed. The doctor advised an immediate operation to remove a cancer, but held out no hope of complete restoration. The operation was performed, but the disease had advanced too far to be conquered.

For eight months Mrs. Phillips suffered agonizing pains. "At times her cries could be heard a block away. Sleep seldom came to her. Food became repulsive. Yet through it all the sufferer never murmured or rebelled against the decrees of God. "Though He may me, yet will I trust Him," was the language of her patient endurance.

On Thursday, August 23rd, shortly after four, the measure of her suffering was filled. The angel of death kissed her and left a peaceful expression on the mortal house, while he released her soul, made perfect through suffering.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Mrs. Phillips died in the Lord, having conquered death, leaving behind an imperishable testimony to the efficacy of His grace.

Her body was brought to Toronto for burial in the Army's plot at Mount Pleasant.

In our next issue we purpose giving a sketch of the career of our departed comrade, together with a report of the funeral and memorial services held at the Temple. We have also an excellent photo of Mrs. Phillips to be reproduced with these reports.

Who will take up the sword which our active sister has relinquished, and aid in the fight against darkness and evil?

THE COMMISSIONER

(MISS BOOTH)

WILL VISIT

OTTAWA

SUNDAY, September 9th, 3 and 7.30 p.m. Evening Subject, "The Song of the City."

MONDAY, September 10th, Drawing Room Meeting.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

SUNDAY, September 23rd—Salvation Meetings.

MONDAY, September 24th—Drawing Room Meeting, and Opening of New Women's Social Institution.

TUESDAY, September 25th Officers' Councils.

LETTER TO THE

LEAGUE OF MERCY WORKERS

FROM THE COMMISSIONER.

MY-DEAR COMRADES:—

Through the varied travelings and laborings which daily mark my path—whether close to the city's beating pulse, or nearer nature's heart in the village; whether rushing behind the flying locomotive, or urging on my pen at my desk; whether seeking to meet the needs of the multitude from some public platform, or kneeling where penitents' tears fall, leading some contrite spirit through the first paths of grace—there are no people more continually brought before my mind, and more tenderly remembered in my heart, than the workers of our League of Mercy throughout the Territory.

This may be accounted for by the fact that there is a sense in which your mission bears a strong resemblance to my own. Your work is akin to mine in the way it is bound by no one branch of labor, but stretches out arms of interest, love and help towards a world-wide and diversified need. When on some dark night I look up into the sky's inky depths and gratefully discern the twinkling torchlights of the stars, I praise God for the love which has lightened our darkness, both above and around, and whenever I look over the sombre gloom of the world's night of sin and sorrow, I seem to see, in all its shadiest places, some trace of the star-like influences of our Cross-badged League of Mercy, and again I say with a million times greater fervor, "Thank God for the stars—Heaven's stars—earth's stars." I like to think that you are everywhere—that the blacker the surroundings, the more out of the way the spot, the sadder the heart, and more sin-stained the life, you will be found seeking by words of love and deeds of mercy to bring the Kingdom of Heaven into earth's desolation.

Where time would linger wearily for aching forms and throbbing heads, your Christ-lit faces and gentle tones shorten and brighten the hours. Through the sad and shady corridors of our reformatories, penitentiaries and prisons, where justice deals the relentless wage of sin, your voices have carried the messages of delivering grace, and your prayers have consecrated the gloomy floors of a prison cell. Even in those asylums of most desolate association, where are to be seen those saddest sights in reason dethroned, and will-power run to waste, where all the music of the human mind jangles in a discordant "out of tune," in sweet harmony you have sung declarations of a Creator's pity, and a Saviour's unchanging love, illuminating with a sacred light even those dense and heavy shadows. But not only do you meet the need in the institution—you are on the watch in the weary ways of the city's slum, or other haunts of poverty, pain and sin, and from thence you have brought patients, sick both in body and soul, to our wide-thrown shelter doors—sometimes derelicts of manhood's strength, sometimes wrecks of womanhood's beauty, and sometimes wan little wasters of childhood's charms. Ministering hands have met them there, and carried on the work of redemption, but surely in the revelation of a later day the hands of love which led the wayward or wayworn feet will not be forgotten in the reward.

Never let any hell-born suggestion whisper to you that your work is small. Its influences stretch out far beyond your gaze or mine, for they touch interests which are eternal. Never allow yourself to reflect for one instant that your work is of no importance; your true mission is the same as your Master's when He was upon earth, finding the hidden and by-way places of want and sin, and every effort, word, thought and deed given to this mission can never, never die, and let me ask you to never be discouraged by the question, "Is not all your work unnoticed?" Your work has already done more to bring the vast good accomplished by the Army before the eyes of the educated and sceptical than any other branch of our labor, and unnoticed you can never be while there is given to you the smile of Jesus, the prayers and appreciation of your comrades throughout the world, the inexpressible gratitude of those you reach and save, and the unceasing love and admiration of your Commissioner's heart.

My only regret is that there are not more of you. Oh would that every jail corridor, and every prison cell, and every hospital ward might vibrate with the hastening of your feet, and hold some triumph of your efforts for a lost one found there.

Some little time back, I spent an hour of precious intercourse with some League of Mercy women, when we inspired each other, and my own heart warmed more than ever towards the ministering angels with the Cross on their arm, and the Cross in their heart. Many of them were the mothers of large families; almost all had heavy household claims; several held some office in their local corps; more than one looked physically unfit for her long hours of visitation in addition to her home duties. Yet it was not for such reasons as these that they pleaded with an earnestness which went to my very heart for more help. They did not want to stint their individual self-sacrifice, or curtail their toil but what troubled them was the number of beds in the hospital ward which had to go unvisited because the time was all gone before they could get round, the prison cells which had to go uncared for because of there being too few in the League to visit each, the many doors leading to promising opportunities to bless and save, which had to go unopened because there was no one to lift the latch. What else can I do than to echo the call of such a need, and speak the claims of such a chance into every heart that wants to help us save the world.

Away in the mountains of Rossland, there lies some of the richest wealth in the world. Out of the sunny splendour of a spring morning they took me to see the underground wonders of a treasure-stored mine. Down six hundred feet, into the bowels of the earth, we were sent by the giddy descent of cage, and presently stood amid the narrow passageways where nature has stored her jewels. Before descending, our courteous conductor had called a halt, and exclaiming "Wait a minute," opened a small cupboard and took from thence a bundle of wax candles, handing one to each of us. "You will need them" was the only explanation, and this we found more than true. No ray of natural light had ever penetrated the regions below, and we might have been lowered to our grave instead of starting on a voyage of discovery, but for those bits of wax. Every miner whom we passed, with swarthy face and bared arms, delving into the solid rock, worked by the gleam of the tallow's ray. The six to eight thousand dollars' worth of gold, which this one mine yields every day, is discovered, dug, and brought to the surface by the flickering light of those small candles, and every man who goes down trusts his life to them. Oh powerful little lights! Without those wax tapers the earth would still hold its secret—the rich veins of gold would never be discerned, and the lives of any who attempted to procure it, ruthlessly thrown away. Oh the value of a little light in a great darkness! This is just what my League of Mercy workers can be. Down through the narrow passages of this world's crime and suffering, hidden 'neath mountains of transgression, from the light of eternal day, there lie the uncut, unpolished human jewels of everlasting worth, so precious to God that He sacrificed Christ to provide the light with which to seek them, but they still want finding. Perhaps one who reads these lines mourns on reflection the little they can do for Heaven. Come and join this League, and you will soon see how you can do much—so much as to give you an abundant entrance by and bye. If a bit of common tallow is capable of conquering the difficulties and dangers of the earth's depths, what may not a touch of Divine love bring about in the dreariest recesses of spiritual gloom? Your light may neither be great nor grand in your present useless life, but bring it into the shadows; it is there where its true value will be revealed, and where every gleam of its finding, leading, illuminating power will be manifested and turned to account. I persuade you to come, and link your heart and work with this League, whose motto and mission is sunned up in the word which is the choicest attribute of a Saviour's love, the sweet and precious name of "Mercy," and as your reward, you shall be given the joy of bringing "treasures of darkness" into the ineffable radiance of the Everlasting Kingdom of God's grace.

Yours, with you in your missions of mercy,

Evangelia Boole



A Voice from the Backwoods.

ORANGEVILLE.—Hello, Mr. Editor. We are still at Orangeville, or rather, not still, but all alive for God and souls. Corps-Cadet Johnny Haines keeps folks awake. He's our halloo-jah drummer. No sooner had we ceased our rejoicing over three in the Fountain last Sunday, than we commenced again over a poor drunkard, who wandered into the quarters, and knelt with us and poured out his heart to God in prayer. He was a big sinner, but he found a big Friend.—N. R. T.

Knee-Drill Blessings.

LISGAR STREET.—Ensign Collett led the meetings all day on Sunday last. The knee-drill was a beautiful season, twenty-three out for a morning's blessing, and God did bless all those who were there. The marches and open-air meetings during the day were good. A grand open-air meeting was held at night before the Gladstone Hotel. A large crowd listened to the straight appeals of the Ensign and comrades. Many followed the march to the barracks. Although no one came to the penitent form, many went away convicted from the meetings and will doubtless remember the burning words of truth spoken. Adj. Turpin assisted in the night's meeting, and gave a short account of his conversion.—S. McFarland, R. C.

A Woman's Revenge.

PRESCOTT.—With us this has been another glorious week. Our meetings have been heart-rending times, and, best of all, two souls have given themselves to God. On Thursday night the Captain lectured on "The Woman's Revenge," which was listened to with great interest. Both officers and comrades are marching on assured of victory. Our barracks on Sunday night was packed to the doors. Prescott is rising and pushing on in the great fight for God and souls. Many are miserable on account of sin.—Mother Brimston, Reg. Co'r.

Cabbage Mike on the War-path.

LINDSAY.—We had good meetings here all day on Sunday, although the crowds were rather small. In the afternoon we had with us Bro. Mark Spencer, from Peterboro, who made things lively with his Salvation come songs and original sayings. Mark hits straight from the shoulder just the same. He wheeled a distance of 25 miles, over a hilly country, yet was able to do a salvation jig on the platform. He made the trip in less than three hours. Mark is always a welcome visitor to Lindsay.—Arthur Moore, S.-M.

A United Meeting.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.—During the past few weeks we have had some good open-air and cottage meetings, conducted by our officers, Capt. and Mrs. Lorimer. It is difficult to get many people into the hall this hot weather;

Thursday and Friday nights Major and Mrs. Hargrave, our Provincial officers, visited us. After a real lively open-air meeting, where some red-hot shots were fired into the enemy's ranks, which will not very soon be forgotten, we came to the hall where a good crowd was present to give our visitors a happy welcome. The Major opened the meeting and then introduced Mrs. Hargrave, who held the crowd spellbound. Her able talk to the sinner brought many to the sense of seeing and realizing that there is a Saviour Who can save the vest. Many were under conviction. Some almost yielded. We enjoyed the Majors' visit very much, and will give them a hearty welcome any time they come our way. May God bless them.—J. H. F. R. C.

A New Venture.

QUEBEC.—Victory is our motto. By living in touch with Jesus it seems impossible to know anything else. Al-

close of the meeting. The Adjutant will be given a hearty welcome at Berlin when he comes again. We trust it may be soon.—B. G.

Lecture on Bermuda:

COLLINGWOOD.—We have just had a two days' visit from our D. O., Adj. DesBriens. On Thursday night the Adjutant, in her Bermuda costume, gave an account of the Army work there, which was greatly enjoyed by all. On Sunday we were reinforced by Capt. D. Richmond, of Yorkville, formerly a soldier of this corps. All were glad to see him, and we finished a good day's fight with the return of a backslider.—J. M. McCann; L. A. Patteuden.

Ensign Parker Visits Montreal II.

MONTREAL II.—On Saturday and Sunday Ensign Parker was with us. Staff-Capt. Burditt conducted the Sunday morning meeting. We had a real good day, with two souls at the Cross. Praise God.—W. G.

A Trip to Pie Island.

PORT ARTHUR.—The promise was made that you would hear from us again, and our last report was, we have welcomed Capt. and Mrs. Dayton, from Buffalo, with their three Juniors. We must not forget to report the happy time at the picnic. The steamer Georgina, with its Captain, Bro. Moloney, took a happy crowd of smiling Salvationists and friends to Pie Island, a lovely spot, where we spent an enjoyable day. Oh, the beauties of Lake Superior. As we enjoy the cool breezes, we often think of the tired, weary ones in the large cities, and realize how thankful we ought to be for all the goodness of the Lord. We are in for souls at Port Arthur. The Lord is the helper of His people.—A. Hayes, Ensign.

A Little Girl Converts.

BRAMPTON is still going ahead. We had good meetings on Sunday, and in spite of the rain the crowds were very good. A little girl gave her heart to God in the night meeting. We thank God for this manifestation of His presence and power.—Cand. Minnes.

In for War.

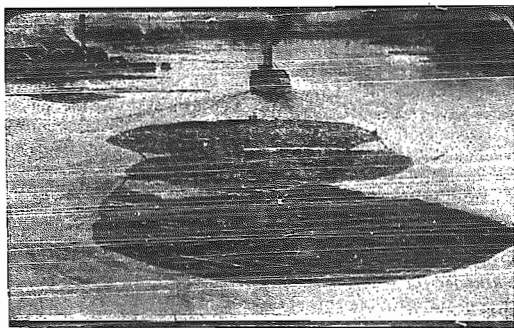
HARBOR GRACE.—We are in for a real devil-driving time, and are believing that the ranks of the enemy are going to be smashed. Faith in God, and plenty of hard work, are going to do this. During the last week we have seen two precious souls kneel at the Mercy Seat and receive pardon through the Blood of our Redeemer, and still there are more to follow. At present our commander, Ensign Hiseock, is touring the District, but in his absence we are doing our best to keep the colors to the mast-head. On Sunday, some heavy firing was done from early morning knee-drill until about half-past nine at night. The enemy's ranks were broken and one prisoner was captured. We are believing for greater victories in the near future. God and our leaders can depend upon us to do our best to push the war and put the devil to flight.—Lieut. Cummings.

Spiritual Tone Improving.

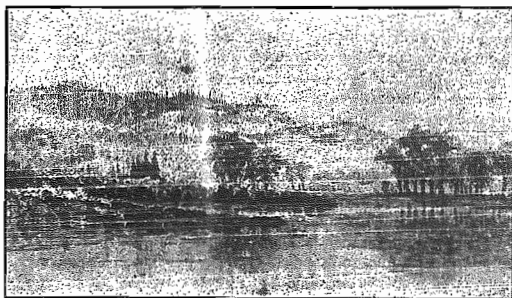
WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Reid, of Toronto, visited our corps Saturday and Sunday, and gave two most interesting addresses on the Army's Rescue work, as well as speaking on "Boundless Salvation." The audiences were very much interested and in sympathy with the work. Capt. Hicks, of St. John House, accompanied the Lieut.-Colonel, and assisted with her excellent singing. She remained with us until Friday and took part in several meetings. One young man prayed for pardon on Thursday night at 11 o'clock. The spiritual tone of our people is improving (glory to God), but everybody keep smiling, and with a little more faith and works we shall see—see the devil skip. Capt. Welsh and Lieut. Jones in charge of forces, leading us on to the glory land.—F. E. S.

Struck a Rock.

BIRD ISLAND COVE.—It is a long time since you heard from us. I dare say you thought we were dead. This is not so, however. Through a little bad management our little barque, the "Rock of Gibraltar," was blown down the coast, but to-day we are working might and main trying to raise her again. With a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, we are believing to accomplish something. Some of our friends might suit as a dollar bill or two to help us grapple the block.—Capt. Downey.



TOWING LOGS ON THE OTTAWA RIVER.



NORTH SHORE OF THE OTTAWA RIVER.

Capt. Hancock Farewells.

INGERSOLL.—It is again my painful duty to apologize for not reporting. Quite a number of special evocations and persons have passed our way of late, each helping to roll on the old chariot. Ensign Burrows, of the C. O. P., for a Sunday, did good work at the heavy guns—shells sped right and left, causing the enemy to scatter in confusion, dragging their wounded after them. Lieut. E. Horwood, an Ingersoll local, also cheered our braves to victory. Captain Hancock, who has been our leader for nearly eight months, leaves us for Palmerston. The soldiers and friends united in a farewell tea. Capt. McCutcheon, late of Guelph, came to carry on the work of God—through the Army—in Ingersoll. Faith and works are joining consecrated hearts and hands, in determined effort to destroy the strongholds of the devil, and give to Jesus glory.—War Correspondent, Minnie Kennedy.

things, however, we believe, will improve in this direction. Capt. F. J. Clark has just visited us. Everly was pleased to see her, and especially the writer, who was saved and enrolled as a soldier when the Captain was stationed here, three years ago. God bless Capt. Clark. On Monday night Capt. Lorimer conducted a united meeting in Calais. We held two good open-air, and found large crowds to talk to. The saved Dutchman (in uniform, from Holland, took a prominent part in the meeting. He sang a solo in Dutch, which was much appreciated. The meeting was followed by an ice cream and cake social. God is with us. The war goes on.—Soldier.

Major Hargrave at Missoula.

MISSOULA, Mont.—On Monday and Tuesday nights we had with us Ensign Stinger, with his lantern, which was highly appreciated by all present. On

though we are denied the privilege of marching and holding open-air, still we are not contented to remain inside, without giving the people a chance to see that we are still alive and giving the devil a good shake wherever we chance to meet him. Sometime ago we decided to try a little open-air work on a new scale. So we monopolized the steps leading to our barracks. The Captain stood on the top step the first night, but the last time we had our open-air meeting he occupied the lower one. Here we stand for half-an-hour before our inside meetings commence, singing the songs of Zion, and telling out the old story of Jesus and His love. Many stand on the side of the street, some listening, and some acting the ribald, but still we believe that even this small effort will glorify God.—A. J., for Capt. Norman, and Grose.

Marched Round the Barracks.

GRAVENHURST.—Praise God, He is still leading us on to victory. We are having good crowds, both in the barracks and in the open-air. Sunday's meetings resulted in the raising home of two backsliders, and a halloo-jah wind-up. We indulged in a march around the barracks. To God be all the glory.—F. T., for Capt. Howcroft.

Adj. McGillivray Visits Berlin.

BERLIN, Ont.—We have just had a visit from our new D. O., Adj. McGillivray. After a rousing open-air meeting, led by the Adjutant, where hundreds of people listened attentively to the songs and testimonies of the comrades, the barracks was reached, where another lively meeting was held. The crowd was not large, but the meeting was enjoyable and profitable to all. The Adjutant's talk on the text, "here art thou?" was a powerful one, and set us all thinking. The Captain and Lieutenant sang a duet. Refreshing pie and lemonade were served at the

Encouraging Items.

FAIRVILLE, N. B.—The signs of the times are encouraging. Our soldiers are real Blood-and-Fire. Two souls have been saved this week, and a great many more convicted. The open-air and indoor meetings are much better attended. Hallelujah! We are in for victory.—A. Kirk, N. Smith, C. O's.

Successful Lantern Service.

YORKVILLE.—A very successful lantern service, entitled, "A Drunken Mother, and How She Got Saved," was conducted by Ensign Burrows a few nights ago at Fortville. The crowds, attention, and finances were excellent. Everybody was deeply interested in the story, and enjoyed the service immensely.—T. J. Meeks, Capt.

Interest Keeps Up.

PILLEY'S ISLAND.—Our meetings are still interesting and fairly well attended. The J. S. meetings are still kept going under the leadership of Ensign Burrows and Mrs. Sharp, Secret. Deans are expected to be here for next Thursday and Friday. Their meetings will be reported next week.—Capt. Jim Jones.

Two Men Drowned.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND.—Again we are reminded of the uncertainty of life. On Saturday, Aug. 11th, a serious accident happened to two men—one of them the chief engineer of the S. S. Greyhound, the other a man from a neighboring harbor. While coming from a harbor near by, their boat was upset quite near our shore, and both were drowned. Search has been made to recover their bodies and to-day they were found. May God sustain their dear wives and little children. Owing to this sad occurrence on Saturday, our Sunday's meetings were very impressive, and at night one poor wanderer returned to the fold.—E. M.

Battle in a Back Kitchen.

BOTWODVILLE, N.B.—Readers of the War Cry will perhaps remember that a few weeks ago the barracks at this place was entirely destroyed by fire, this being the third time this corps had met with a similar accident, but "we never say die," so started to build yet another, and Sunday afternoon held our first meeting in it. The building is not yet shingled, but we expect to get there by-and-by. The barracks not being snug enough for the night's meeting, we held it in a small back kitchen, about 12 x 14 feet, into which over 50 people were packed. The meeting gave us additional evidence that God is no respecter of places, for His presence was felt there, and nine souls—of whom the majority were backsliders—sought and found forgiveness. Among the seekers were a man and wife, the latter had never been saved before. With this number of people crowded into this little place on this warm August night, the shouting and dancing of saints, the cries of the penitents, and the lack of fresh air gave the Rev. Editor it was rather "hot" for a while. But we had neither fainting nor fighting. Everybody got through all right, and we went to our homes at quite an early hour, praising God for what he had accomplished through His blood.—M. Bury.

Drum-Head Conversion.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Enrollment of soldiers Sunday afternoon. Grand times all day on Sunday. 21 soldiers out to knee-drill. A young man knelt at the drumhead in the open-air and professed salvation, and came along to the barracks with the march and gave his testimony. A colored brother from Mauritius, Isle of France, got saved in the inside meeting; others in tears, many convicted. We are forming a combination with the 28th and 29th of our enemy's forces. Minnie Pike, Sec., for Capt. and Mrs. Thompson.

Wide-Awake Officers.

HELENA, Mont.—Our new officers, Ensign and Mrs. Cummins, with Cadet Munro, have been here now for six weeks, and everything is on the move. There is nothing like live, wide-awake, up-to-date officers to keep a corps enthused. The Ensign is a very good man of God, and the Cadet—well, he's all right. Our collections are good, the War Cry, too, are all sold out. We are expecting Major and Mrs. Hargrave and Ensign Staggers on the 28th and 29th. We hope they won't disappoint. As they have done in the past. Bro. Mason is home again after several

months' absence. We are hoping and believing that through the influence of Ensign and Mrs. Cummins, many will be led to a better life.—E. H. Wickersham.

Rejoicing in Heaven and on Earth.

LEAMINGTON.—Since last report God's saving power has been manifested in our meetings. On Sunday four precious souls came to God for pardon, and received it. Hallelujah! The angels in heaven had reason to rejoice, and it's needless to say that we also took up the strain. All hands went home with hearts full of praise for the victory won. To God be all the glory. You will hear from us again.—Barnigan and Barner.

The Hand-Bell Ringers.

BRIDGEWATER, N. B.—Major Pickering, accompanied by the Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers paid us a visit on Thursday, Aug. 9th. A nice crowd assembled to hear the Major, as it was his first visit to Bridgewater. Everybody thought the music and singing excellent, especially the hand-bell ringing. The troupe, returning from Liverpool, were able to give us another meeting. The crowd was not as large as on the former occasion, owing to the day being very wet. Those who came, however, were well pleased with the meeting. Everybody wants the Major to come again.—P. Himm.

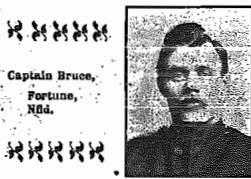
Band of Love a Success.

OLD PERILAN, N.B.—Since coming here God has wonderfully blessed us. We have had splendid meetings and good crowds. The Band of Love has

is with us again, after an absence of seven or eight months. His ship, H. M. S. Phaeton, has been down South. He is as full of zeal and fire as usual, and led a lively meeting, with his hallelujah bagpipes. Needless to say, it drew quite a crowd. He has not been idle while away, and has nearly \$28 in his "Grace-Before-Meat Drum," which, of course, goes to England. (M. L. fancies she could see Ensign Staggers smile if he could have had the box.) Then there is Bro. Johnson, from the Flagship. We shall miss him very much; and all the other comrades from the Flagship. The pray God will induce them while away and bring them back well saved, and with more souls added to their number. They are only a little handful among that 600, but God is with them. Bro. Johnson thinks he ought to be carried to home. We are glad to be able to report three souls for the week.—M. L.

Uniting of Forces.

KAMLOOPS, B.C.—The Rev. Messrs. King and Walsh, Evangelists, hailing from the Emerald Isle, assisted by the Rev. Mr. McLeod (Baptist), and Capt. Porrenou and Longill, S. A. officers, have been storming the fortresses and bulwarks of the devil's empire in a manner that not only astonished the "old chap," but shook loose the chains of sin and slavery from nine of his subjects, setting the captives free and happy, and



Captain Bruce Fortune, N.B.

Ensign spoke forcibly on the verse in Galatians, "Be not deceived," etc. No one yielded, but many were compelled to acknowledge having been bitterly deceived by the enemy of their souls.—J. Greenland, Capt.

New Arrivals.

NELSON, B. C.—We have just arrived and spent our first Sunday in Nelson. The Army is quite alive and working hard for the salvation of the people. The brass band does good work. Many gather around in the open-air and listen attentively to the salvation story. Good crowds attend the indoor meetings. A blessed unity exists among the comrades. Found quarters in "apple-pie" order. We thank God for the open door set before us, and will do our best for a good harvest of souls.—Adj. and Mrs. McGill.

Defeating the Devil.

REVELSTOCK. Victory is ours and to God we give the praise. Conviction is visible in many faces, and we are believing ere long to have a real Pentecostal shower, when the devil shall be defeated with great loss. Last night one dear brother who had fallen from the path of righteousness, came back to the fold. May he be constrained to follow carefully the commands of God. Cadet Owen is now with us to help us fight the battles of the Lord. May God bless her in the winning of many souls. Capt. Gains is still in charge awaiting the arrival of Capt. Southall. Ensign May has faredwell to go on a much-needed rest. We pray she will come back strong and filled with the power of the Holy Ghost. Our crowds are getting better, and God is still with us in the fight.—Slivers.

Impressive Dedication Service.

GRISAT FALLS, Mont.—We have just had Adj. Gale, our D. O., with us for a splendid meeting. A full house gave him a hearty reception. A special feature of this meeting was the dedication of George Ralph Lanester to God and the Army. The service was very impressive. At the close of the meeting ice cream and cake were served. Last night (Sunday) we had a glorious time. Two souls sought salvation. Major and Mrs. Hargrave are coming to visit us. We expect to take the Opera House for this occasion.—Cadet Smith, for Capt. Sheard.

Corps on the Up-Grade.

CARBONAR, N.B.—We are still on the up grade. Sunday, all day, God came to our help. At the close of the meetings one soul plunged in the Fountain. Monday night, two more sisters came back to the fold. Look out for greater things.—Sergeant-Major Taylor.

Where to Begin Making People Over.

Man is an advice-giving creature. Even with the most superficial interest in the affairs of others, and anxious about their improvement, it is usually many years before he learns that this cannot be imputed to him for the culture of his soul, and it may even coexist with the worst possible neglect of his own moral condition. The earlier years of most earnest natures are, as a rule, naturally occupied with large and rather pretentious desires for the improvement of other people. All in good time, however, if the earnestness is deep enough, the gospel glides into us one and another of these reversals which are its inevitable mark, so that in this matter there comes to be a perceptible lowering of responsibility for what is out of our reach, and at the same time a new world of sober reflection about doing something for our own defects which all this time may have been glaring to every one but ourselves. We are, as a rule, pretty well along in life before we realize that the art of making people over begins at home.

A VIEW OF LAKE COMMANDEAU, LOWER CANADA.

just been started with an attendance of twenty-six. During the first week seven members were enrolled. On Monday and Tuesday last, our new D. O., Ensign Sparks, paid us a visit, which was highly appreciated by all. We believe he is the right man in the right place. We invite the Ensign to come again at an early date.—M. S. Cave, Lieut.

Ice Cream and Cake.

TILSONBURG.—Not having a barracks here, we had an ice cream and cake social in the Town Hall, on Aug. 15th. The total proceeds of the effort amounted to \$21. It was a grand success. A number of the Norwich comrades, with Capt. Mathers and Lieut. Crawford, came over and rendered valuable assistance. God bless them.—Lieut. Kitchen.

Hallelujah Baptisms.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We have had beautiful meetings lately. Adj. and Mrs. McGill, from Skagway, have been with us. Last Sunday evening they led the meeting, and had a splendid time. Then, on the following Wednesday we had an ice cream and cake social. Adj. and Mrs. McGill assisting. It was quite a success and quite a good sum was realized to help the rent, which fact gladdened the hearts of our new officers, Capt. Scott. Again this Sunday we have had Adj. and Mrs. McGill, and the meetings were good. They are old friends of Victoria and we were sorry to part with them. Victorians wishes them all success at Nelson. God bless them. We know they will prove a blessing to the Nelson corps. Thursday we had our Naval and Military meeting. It was splendid. Bro. Truim

sending them on their way rejoicing in their Lord and Master, praising the name of Jesus. The indoor and open-air gatherings of these meetings were well represented by earnest seekers of the truth, and many souls received a blessing as a result of their attendance. The Rev. gentlemen were loyally entertained at the residence of Bro. Chambers.—Joe McGee, R. O.

Visit of the New D. O.

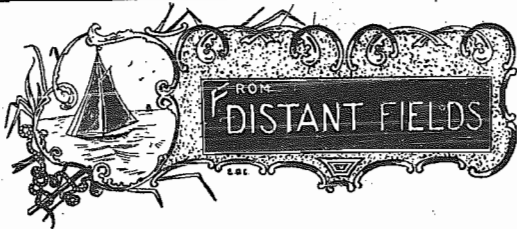
BRIGUS.—Since taking charge it has been a little hard, as most of the soldiers are away for the summer, but we are believing for victory. Our new D. O., Ensign Hisecock, gave us a special meeting last week. We had a very good time. War Cry all right out.—E. Asford, Capt. A. Summers, Lieut.

Reputation Good.

ST. JOHNS, N.B.—We have everything to encourage us. God is fulfilling His promise. Since last report 10 have been to the Cross. Our meetings are times of spiritual blessing, and we are looking forward to a great ingathering of souls. Old No. 1 is keeping up its reputation for non-stop meetings, and especially in the prayer meeting. We are all right financially. Last week \$60 was the total income. Victory is our song.—A. H. C., Cor.

Soldiers Dancing-Happy.

HEART'S DELIGHT, N.B.—We have just had a visit from our new D. O., Ensign Sparks. His visit was greatly appreciated, and will do us much good. The building was packed to the doors, and the soldiers were dancing happily, and the meeting went with a swing all through. Good collections were taken up both inside and at the door. The



The General's late campaign in Paris has been attended with splendid results. The latest despatch from Colonel Lawley says: "The Sunday's meetings were most excellent. Holy influences were felt all day. The General was equal to his opportunity, and the result was some marvellous conversions."

The Chief of the Staff has just conducted an all-night of prayer at Marly-le-bou. Those who have had an opportunity of attending any of the Chief's "All-nights" have reason to remember such as seasons of great profit and blessing.

The Chief of the Staff recently devoted a whole Sunday to meetings for a section of the International Headquarters' Staff.

Commissioner Cadman is now on the war path in his new role, as Traveling International Representative.

A special appeal is being made by the Chief of the Staff on behalf of the Indian Famine Fund, in which it is expected £2,000 will be raised.

Major Slater has been ordered on rest at short notice by the doctors, in order to avoid a physical collapse. This is the first occasion of this sort in the Major's eighteen years' service. The work of the Musical Department has grown rapidly during the last two years, and has evidently taxed the splendid working capacities of the Major and his assistant, Adj. Hawkes.

The date of the Anniversary Meeting of the Women's Social Work has already been definitely fixed for Monday, Oct. 29th, at the King's Hall, Holborn.

Major Malan is appointed second in command of the Clapton Training Homes.



Brigadier Gifford has reported him to International Headquarters. The Brigadier has had rather a bad breakdown, necessitating a complete rest for a season.

The name of Miss Ada Haven is in the list of missionaries who lost their lives in the recent ghastly massacre at Peking, China. Miss Haven has been a member of the United States' Auxiliary League for the past six years, and has shown her genuine interest in the Army there so thoroughly that they feel as if a comrade in their own immediate ranks had fallen. Great sympathy is felt for her friends in this hour of their loss and bereavement.

The gratifying news has just been received from the Paris Exposition that the exhibit of the Salvation Army's work has received the distinguished award of a gold medal. We are at present without further particulars, but we have cause to greatly congratulate the Commander upon his able and comprehensive arrangements, which now have had no gratifying reward.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Evans, with a large staff of officers, have just conducted a successful campaign at Old Orchard Camp Grounds.

The Thursday afternoon holiness meetings in the Memorial Hall have been resumed.

There are 20,000 Mercy Box holders in the United States. An effort is being made to increase this to 50,000.

Ensign Albright, of the National Headquarters, is announced to take a leading part in a certain ceremony to be conducted by Colonel Higgins, on Sept. 5th.

Three souls professed conversion in the Chinese Salvation Army barracks, San Francisco, on a recent Sunday.

A special edition of the Pacific Coast War Cry is to be issued Sept. 8th, called the Golden Jubilee War Cry.



Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey met the Headquarters, Resene, and Social Officers in council on a recent Tuesday evening. It was a time of great spiritual refreshing.

At a meeting held in the Kimberley District the other day, Commissioner Railton officiated as door-keeper. What a splendid example of humility this is.

The very latest from Staff-Captain Mayers, now at Mafeking: "We had another grand open-air last night (Monday), and I am sure God will use us in doing a splendid work here. There is a genuine desire on the part of many soldiers and civilians both, to seek God's salvation. We are having the droppings. Oh, for the showers!"

Capt. and Mrs. Bainbridge, late in charge of St. Helena, have farewelled, and will be succeeded by Adj. and Mrs. Foster, who, for about three years have been stationed at Gibraltar.

We have more news from Adjutant Hendy, who, with his wife, has been shut away yonder at Holpnaakar for ten long months, during which time they have been passing through trying times and thrilling experiences. The Adjutant was down to death's door with dysentery, and for nearly a month was unable to do anything. He was in a very low state when the first party of burghers dropped across his station, but they left him, thinking he would die. The corps have been fighting in the open-air all the time, and in spite of the war, have not missed a meeting. The Adjutant, though himself a prisoner in his own quarters, directed operations amongst his people, the Natives, who were allowed to go about anywhere unmolested.

Our barracks at Kroonstad is being used as a Government Post Office.

Major Swain, Capt. Anderson, and Lieut. Wawrick are having good times at Bloemfontein. Military attendance capital and soldiers saved, who help the work along. "They have the most successful Soldiers' Home (opposite the barracks) in the country." They sold 139 dozen buns in one day, besides all the other provisions. One day an officer came and asked if they could do a breakfast for 127 soldiers. They did so, and were thanked by the officers. The place is simply crowded.



In reply to a telegram forwarded to Queen Margaret, of Italy (for hearing of her husband's assassination), in the name of the Italian officers and soldiers, Brigadier Clibborn received the following:

"Monza (Royal Service).

"Percy Clibborn, Chief of the Salvation Army, Turin.
"Her Majesty the Queen, deeply touched, thanks all those who weep with her in her infinite sorrow.
"Marchioness of Villamarina, Lady of Honor."

We cannot speak a loyal word and be meanly silent, we cannot kill and not kill in the same moment; but a moment is room wide enough for the loyal and mean desire, for the outlash of a murderous thought and the sharp backward stroke of repentance.—George Eliot.

The Greater World.

This world of nature is meant for all. The sun shines on the evil and good, and the rain rains on the just and the unjust. The same ground is under General Pierce and his pig, and the same heavens are over the astronomer and his dog, the dog and astronomer, pig and president, all live on, live under, live in the same natural world, and the All-Bountiful is Father and Mother to them all, not over-honoring the astronomer, not undervaluing the dog or the swine.

And yet what a very different world it is to pig and president, to dog and astronomer! To such as look only at the lower shelves, it is a dull, hard, prosy world. To those who reach up to fashion and finery, to the kinks-kinks of nature, it is a dainty show of pretty things, a sort of great Vanity Fair, from which Mrs. Jezebel and Mr. Absalom are to adorn and make themselves comely.

To others, who see the great uses in the power of things, the great lordships of pretty things, the great wealth in the meaning of things, it is a serious world, very serious; but a lovely world—very lovely; and a divine world—very divine, full of God's power, God's wisdom, God's justice, God's beauty, and God's love running out into the blossoms of the ground and the blossoms of the sky; the whole universe a great manifold flower of God, Who holds it in His own right hand.—Theodore Parker.

Riches that are Eternal.

A nobleman in the north of England once said to a friend who accompanied him on a walk, "These beautiful grounds, as far as your eye can reach, those forests of valuable timber on the mountain side, and those vast mines full of precious metals, all belong to me. Yonder powerful steam engines obtain the produce of my mines, and those ships convey my wealth to other parts of the kingdom."

"Well, my lord, his friend replied: "do you see yonder small cottage that seems but a speck on your estate? There dwells a poor woman who can say more than all this, for she can say, 'Christ is mine.' She was once ignorant of all religious truth, but she sought the guiding light, which brought her to the Saviour. In a few years you must give up your possessions, for you can carry nothing away with you when you die; but when she leaves this world, she will enter upon a far nobler inheritance, reserved for those kept by the power of God through faith into salvation."



BABYLON, THE FALLEN.

"And Babylon, the glory of the Kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall

the Arab pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their food there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands

shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places."

"Babylon is fallen, is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods: he hath broken into the ground."—Isaiah, 712 B. C.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp

CONDUCT

GRAMOPHONE SERVICES.

While on trip from Bona Vista to Greenspond, on board the S. S. Dundee, I gave a short gramophone service, which the crew, those not on duty, attended. They showed their appreciation of the selections rendered by donating the sum of \$1.70, voluntarily.

On reaching Greenspond, Ensign Brown, the D. O., boarded the steamer for Westville, where we were announced for Tuesday and Wednesday. Capt. Fudge and Lieut. Redner have lately taken hold of the reins at this place, and they are working like trojans to get the harricks fixed up and the quarters built. The latter will soon be ready for the officers to live in. They have been living in a part of the home of Mrs. Sainsbury, whose kindness has been greatly appreciated by them. Two sons came for salvation in the Tuesday night meeting. The harricks were packed on the Wednesday night to hear the selections from the gramophone, and everybody seemed delighted with the same.

A friend lent us a sailing boat the next morning, and one of the soldiers came and piloted us to New Town. Capt. Mercer is in charge of this new voyage. One of the soldiers loaned us his store for our meetings, as the one rented by the Army was not large enough. The people were delighted with the meeting and the gramophone service. "My sis rose as high as a mountain," sung by Colonel Lawley, brought forth much laughter.

We left next morning by boat for Westville, where we boarded the steamer for Greenspond to do the weekend. Over 30 out for knee-drill; one backslider volunteered out and one or two others were under conviction, and they came to the penitent form in the evening. Good crowds attended the meetings, and drank in the truths as they were delivered from Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp. The officers have been creating a quarters. This will be completed in a few days.

The officers throughout the District are working hard, fixing up the property. The prospects for the future are exceedingly bright. We were delighted with the spirit of the comrades, and also the interest that was manifested by the friends.

On our way to the city we held a meeting at Port Blundford, while waiting for the train. The room that was used for the occasion was filled, and many testimonies were given to God's saving and keeping power.

What I Saw and Heard in the Harbor Grace District

Leaving Harbor Grace at 4 p.m., Aug. 13th, 1900, an hour's drive brought me to my first appointment, Clark's Beach. Stepping from the car I met Lieut. Simmons, with a bundle of War Cry under his arm, who piloted me to the quarters, a very nice place, formerly the home of a deceased minister, Rev. Mr. Goodchild, and still partly occupied by Mrs. Goodchild. We held a meeting the same night, with a nice crowd present. Heard a woman testify to the fact that she dated her conversion back to the time when I was stationed at Bay Roberts. At that time Clark's Beach was looked as an outpost. I saw several soldiers get filled up with glory, which made them dancing happy, and heard the cry of a penitent. The meeting ended with a shout of victory.

Then next day I had the pleasure of a walk to Briggs. On my arrival I found Capt. Alexander in the house, and the relief of the sepulchre in which Christ's body was supposed to have lain from the Mohammedans. Thousands of all ages and stations in life joined these expeditions, and innumerable were the obstacles to be overcome. Heat, famine, thirst, disease, fierce enemies and treachery claimed thousands of victims. Yet the best blood of Europe was among the crusaders, eager to obtain the honor of being with the conquerors of the Holy Sepulchre. Godfrey of Bouillon was the first to enter Jerusalem, and over the bodies of the dead and dying Saracens he made his way to the place where our Lord's body was supposed to have lain in death, and with indescribable emotions knelt there to do homage to Him Who gave victory to his arms.

together. During the meeting many happy testimonies were given to God's saving and keeping power. Soon a soul was found at the Cross.

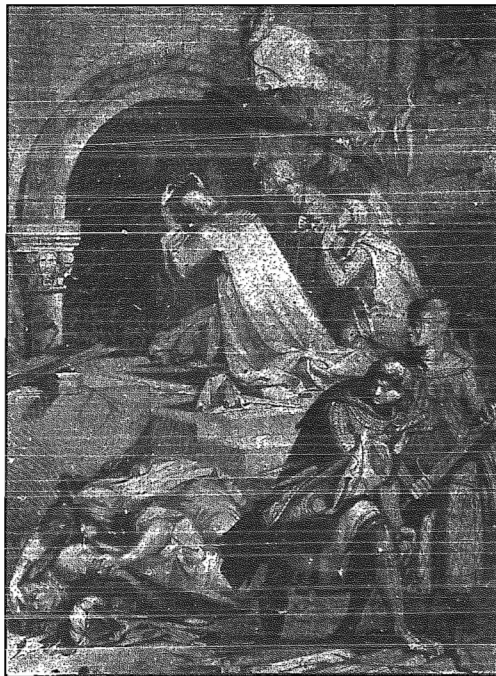
Next day a walk brought me to Shen's Town, where I was entertained by that lusty, Capt. Clark. Who hasn't heard of this little man? My, what a meeting we did have—a regular boiling-over time. I was much pleased to see the crowd of new converts.

Walking into the town of New Harbor the next day I met Capt. Bishop War Cry selling, and worked with him on Sunday. A good day's work was done. We saw three souls seeking pardon. Our soldiers here are all on fire.

On Tuesday we traveled about five miles in a boat. Our meeting was held in the Methodist Church. What a time we had! How shall I describe it? Eleven souls seeking mercy. One woman came rushing through the church, with bare head, and apron on. She said our songs had reached her while standing in her doorway, and she had been compelled to come.

The next day we drove to Bay Roberts. I saw about 70 children enjoying themselves at a picnic, Capt. Noel and Sec. Bowring having made the preparations, and had the matter well in hand. We had a happy meeting at night.

Next day, while at dinner we heard the train whistle blow. I took my cap and reached the station just in time to catch the train. On reaching District Headquarters I was met by Lieutenant Cummings, who reported everything as going all right.—Ensign E. Hisecock.



CRUSADES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The crusaders of the middle ages were organized amidst great enthusiasm for the conquest of the Holy Land and the relief of the sepulchre in which Christ's body was supposed to have lain from the Mohammedans. Thousands of all ages and stations in life joined these expeditions, and innumerable were the obstacles to be overcome. Heat, famine, thirst, disease, fierce enemies and treachery claimed thousands of victims. Yet the best blood of Europe was among the crusaders, eager to obtain the honor of being with the conquerors of the Holy Sepulchre. Godfrey of Bouillon was the first to enter Jerusalem, and over the bodies of the dead and dying Saracens he made his way to the place where our Lord's body was supposed to have lain in death, and with indescribable emotions knelt there to do homage to Him Who gave victory to his arms.

A Week-End at the Temple.

Conducted by Members of the Headquarters Staff—Forewell of Adj. Turpin—The Male Quartette—Three Backsliders Return.

On Sunday we had the pleasure of having with us all day Staff-Captain Morris, Adj. Morris, ably assisted by others of the Headquarters Staff. The meetings were of a deeply-interesting character, and were much enjoyed by all present. The morning open-air was well attended and, we believe, was made a blessing to those who stood around. The band turned out in very good force, and was ably assisted by the array of talented specialists. The holiness meeting was a heart-searching time, and we believe those present were helped on the heavenly way. Adj. Frank Morris' Bible reading was very good indeed. Adj. Attwell's remarks were also of a very practical character.

In the afternoon we marched to our old open-air stand, where, in spite of the excessive heat, a good crowd gathered, and listened very attentively. They were not backward in their giving in the collection. The inside meeting was conducted by the Staff-Captain in the usual free-and-easy style, and was heartily enjoyed by all present. One poor lad knelt at the Mercy Seat and sought God's forgiveness. The singing of the Male Quartette, composed of Captain Morris, Ensign Griffith, Adj. Attwell,

and Staff-Capt. Morris, was good, and was listened to very attentively.

The night meeting was a fitting climax to the day's proceedings. The band conducted a large open-air service at the Queen's Hotel, and the soldiers an open-air at the corner of Yonge and Albert Sts. Big crowds listened at both services. Our open-air meetings at the Queen's we believe are much appreciated. The guests especially are very practical in their sympathy, and respond generously in our collections.

The night meeting was of a very interesting character. One difficulty presented itself, and that was so much had to be done in such a little time. Everything went off nicely. The speaking of Capt. Arnold, Ensign Griffith, and Adj. Attwell was very effective. Adj. Turpin also delivered his farewell address. We shall miss him very much. He has been a great help to the corps, and especially the J. S. work, also the band. We all wish him success. After an invitation in song by the Headquarters Male Quartette, Adj. Morris spoke to us. Staff-Captain Morris brought the meeting to a close. The prayer meeting, seemed a bit stiff, but before its close we had the pleasure of seeing two backsliders kneeling at His feet. We believe they found pardon. We all say: "Come again, boys."—W. Peacock, R. C.

Coming Events.

LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS

Territorial Secretary,

Accompanied by the PROVINCIAL OFFICER, will visit

EASTERN PROVINCE

Fredericton, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 8, 9.
St. John I., Mon., Tues., and Wed., Sept. 10, 11, 12.
St. John III., Thursday, Sept. 13.
St. John V., Saturday, Sept. 15.
St. John III., Sunday, Sept. 16.
Moncton, Monday, Sept. 17.
Summerside, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Charlottetown, Wednesday, Sept. 19.

NEWFOUNDLAND

St. Johns I., Sunday, Sept. 23.
St. Johns, British Hall, Monday, Sept. 24.
St. Johns I., Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25, 26.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

will visit

THE TEMPLE, Monday, Sept. 10.

HALLELUJAH WEDDING.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

and

THE STAFF BAND

will visit

Lippincott St., Sunday, Sept. 16.

MAJOR COLLIER

will visit

Carrie, Sunday, Sept. 9.

MAJOR and Mrs. HARGRAVE

will visit

Roseland, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 8, 9.
Revelstoke, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 11, 12.

Kamloops, Thursday, Sept. 13.
Vancouver, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 15, 16, 17.

Victoria, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.
Nanaimo, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
New Westminster, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 22, 23, 24.

New Westmont, Tuesday, Sept. 25.
Mount Vernon, Wednesday, Sept. 26.
Spokane, Sunday, Sept. 30.

MAJOR PICKERING

accompanied by the
Salvation Hand Bell Ringers
will visit

Annapolis, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 8, 9.
St. John V., Sunday, Sept. 16.
St. John III., Sunday, Sept. 16.

COMpetition CHAT

The C. O. P. Bike Comes to Grief—Arab Makes Another Spurt, and Again Takes the Lead—The East Gives Way to Her Rivals, the Pacific and Newfoundland Provinces Having Come Nobly to the Rescue.

The rocks have been too much for our new C. O. P. cyclist. She has been unable to steer clear of them, consequently has had a nasty spill.

Major McMillan has every reason to feel proud of his good steed, Arab, this week, for in spite of the plots formed to outdo him in the race, has he not scored one more splendid record? I think he is good for a few more spurts under the able management of the W. O. P. staff.

With steady pace does Arab move Towards the Hustler's goal, But this week makes an extra spurt, As shows the Honor Roll.

Our mental prophesy last week, as to the probable defeat of the Eastern Province by its Western contemporaries, has come true. Now, Major Pickering, of those men who do not relish defeat. We should advise him letting out a little more sail.



Our Champion of last week—Captain Gibson, of London—has had a mighty roll, and has given place to Lieut. D. Long, of Yarmouth (250). Lieut. Youmans, of Brantford, occupies second place, with 200, while Lieut. McEwan, of St. Albans, and Cadet Cook, of Winnipeg, are both eligible for third position.

Capt. Scott heads our Pacific list with 147 copies, while Capt. Banks leads the C. O. P. with 140.

We are glad to see the Klondike Expedition represented this week.

What revelations next week ???

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.

Lieut. Youmans, Brantford	200
Capt. Gibson, London	158
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	145
Capt. Branigan, Leamington	100
Capt. Heator, Stratford	100
Lieut. Kneekie, Galt	85
Capt. Youmans, Brantford	80
Capt. Bingle, Sarnia	83
Capt. Hollman, Chatham	80
Capt. Fyfe, Sarnia	80
Ensign Green, Windsor	75
Capt. Green, Windsor	65
Capt. Hollett, Brantford	65
Audie Wright, Ingersoll	65
Sister McDougall, Goderich	65
Sister Foster, Petrolia	64
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	62
Capt. Howcroft, Stratford	60
Lieut. Edwards, Stratford	60
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	60
S. M. Tremblay, Listowel	60
Capt. Williams, Galt	60
S. M. Dixon, St. Thomas	59
Mrs. Adie, McGillivray, Brantford	59
Mrs. Major Cooper, Hespeler	57
Capt. Jordmann, Forest	55
Lieut. Stickells, Sarnia	55
Ensign Wakefield, London	52
Mrs. Capt. Deane, Northford	50
Lieut. Smith, Goderich	50
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	47
Lieut. Greenwood, Berlin	45
Capt. Campbell, Paris	45
Fred Palmer, London	44
Lieut. Crank, Palmerston	43
Lieut. Plant, Berlin	42
Corporal Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	42



Madam C. O. P.: "That was a nasty tumble; just when I thought I was doing delightfully. I shall either have to get a new bike or place Nigger again on the track."

Adit. McGillivray, Brantford	42
Treas. Harris, London	41
Capt. White, Clinton	41
Sister Schuster, Berlin	40
Capt. Hoekin, Tilsonburg	40
Lieut. Kitcher, Tilsonburg	40
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	40
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	40
Mrs. Cutting, Essex	37
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich	37
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	36
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Capt. Copeman, Petrolia	35
Sister Bonn, Petrolia	35
Capt. Duvell, Sarnia	35
Lieut. Fennacy, Blenheim	33
J. S. S. M. Henders, Hespeler	31
Capt. Brooks, Theford	30
Sister Glover, Dresden	30
Capt. Kerwell, Drayton	30
Capt. Coe, Goderich	30
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	28
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	27
Ensign Lieut. Allen, Guelph	26
Cora Simpson, Guelph	25
Ero. Ellis, Sarnia	25
Capt. Thompson, Bothwell	25
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	24
Mrs. Bowling, Stratford	24
Mrs. Mellroy, St. Thomas	24
Capt. Carr, Ridgetown	23
Stanley Gannaway, Chatham	20
Ensign Gamble, Allandaleburg	20
Cand. Craft, Wallaceburg	20
Sister Butler, Wyoming	20
Sister Ellis, Dresden	20
Ensign Sote, St. Thomas	20
Sergt. Cadet Dixon, St. Thomas	20
Sueie Hooper, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Burnie, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hawkins, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Harman, Blenheim	20
Bro. Fleming, London	20
Capt. Jarvis, Berlin	20
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	20
Mazie Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Lieut. Cook, Ridgetown	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

74 Hustlers.

Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	140
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	100
Sister Bowcock, Lippincott St.	85
Sister Greenest, Orillia	80
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	80
Capt. Lott, Meaford	64
Sergt. J. Deuberville, Hamilton I.	60
Capt. Clink, Owen Sound	60
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	60
Capt. Grant, Orillia	60
Sergt. Tait, Ligar St.	53
Lieut. Porter, Barrie	50
Capt. Rennie, Sudbury	50
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	50
Lieut. Bone, Bracebridge	50
Capt. McLean, Collingwood	50
Sergt. Pettenden, Collingwood	50
Capt. White, Riverside	50
Lieut. Bushey, Richmond St.	50
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Sister Brown, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Crosby, Ligar St.	47
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	45
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	45
Mrs. Gills, Yorkville	40
Cand. Smith, Midland	37
Lieut. Stickells, Parry Sound	37
Capt. Heskison, Ligar Sound	37
Adit. DesBrisay, Barrie	37
Lieut. Leggett, Riverside	36

Lieut. Phillips, Midland	35
Miss Kennedy, Yorkville	35
Capt. Oulbert, Little Current	35
Lieut. Christopher, Carleton Place	35
Lieut. Garward, Bowmanville	35
Capt. Sherwin, Lindsay	35
Ensign Bale, Bracebridge	32
Lieut. Marsell, Kinnmount	30
Lieut. McLeannan, Newmarket	30
Capt. Stephens, Newmarket	30
Capt. Tricker, Orangeville	30
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	30
Cadet Porter, Ligar St.	30
Bro. Dixon, Temple	30
Sergt. Major Boyer, Bracebridge	28
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Lieut. Laidlaw, Temple	27
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	26
Capt. Fisher, North Bay	26
Sister Matheson, Lippincott St.	26
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	25
S. M. Bowers, Ligar St.	25
Cadet Mowder, Ligar St.	25
Capt. Ward, Ligar St.	25
Capt. Wadge, Faversham	25
Mrs. Bott, Dovercourt	25
Capt. Dales, Midland	25
Lieut. McGregor, Orangeville	25
Sergt. Gorton, Temple	25
Capt. McLean, Temple	25
Capt. McDonald, Temple	25
Mary McCarney, Riverside	22
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	21
Cadet Griffiths, Ligar St.	21
Sister Gimbert, Temple	20
Sister Harris, Temple	20
Capt. Oshawa	20
S. M. Howcroft, Gravenhurst	20
Cadet Lieut. Loughes, Gravenhurst	20
Jennie Jack, Richmond St.	20
Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	20
Mrs. Ensign Bale, Bracebridge	20
Capt. Young, Brooklyn	20
Capt. Casper, Kinnmount	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

73 Hustlers.

Lieut. McEwan, St. Albans	185
Ensign Ottawa, Ottawa	150
P. S. M. Veal, Barre	146
Capt. Randall, Ottawa	139
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	126
S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	126
Mrs. Ensign Wynne, Ottawa	125
Mrs. Adit. Kang, Kingston	106
Capt. Lang, Gananoque	102
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	100
Capt. McNeary, Sherbrooke	100
Capt. Cook, Morrisburg	95
Capt. Richter, Belleville	95
Capt. Wilson, Arnprior	85
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	75
Capt. Biese, Colborne	75
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	71
Capt. O'Neill, Kempton	70
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	70
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	70
Lieut. Liddell, Peterboro	70
Capt. Magee, Peterboro	70
Capt. Green, Perth	65
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	65
Ensign Yerex, Brockville	65
Capt. Slater, Kingston	60
Sister Lenworthy, Tweed	60
Capt. Carter, Belleville	60
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Capt. Veir, Prescott	60
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	54
Lieut. Hickman, Peterboro	50
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	53
Lieut. Hoole, Campbellford	53
Capt. Patten, Bloomfield	51
Mrs. Hippert, Montreal	50
Lieut. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
Sergt. Archer, Kingston	48
Capt. Stata, Kingston	48
Capt. Vance, Burlington	45
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	43
Capt. Titus, Montreal I.	40
Adit. Kendall, Kingston	40
Mrs. Bundy, Burlington	40
Capt. McLean, Peterboro	40
Capt. Grose, Quebec	33
Capt. Norman, Quebec	33
Capt. Gammidge, Sunbury	32
Adit. Ogilvie, Barre	32
Capt. Brooks, Barre	32
Capt. A. Napanee, Barre	30
Sister Seymour, Campbellford	30
Capt. Burch, Newport	30
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal	30
Capt. Edwards, Napanee	30
Sergt. Pine, Kingston	25
Capt. Green, Peterboro	25
Mark Spender, Peterboro	25
Mrs. Jewell, Pictou	25
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton	25
Adit. Avey, Sherbrooke	23
Mildred Veal, Barre	23
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	21
Dad Duquet, Trenton	20
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg	20
Capt. Owen, Peterboro	20
Sergt. Rayson, Barre	20
Alta Avey, Sherbrooke	20
Sergt. Sheppard, Quebec	20

Mrs. Crawford, Quebec	20
J. S. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

98 Hustlers.

Lieut. D. Long, Yarmouth	230
Capt. E. Martin, Charlottetown	180
J. McQueen, Moncton	180
Capt. Forsey, Sackville	140
Cadet McKim, St. John I.	124
Capt. Allan, St. John I.	118
Lieut. Melkie, Campbellton	110
Lieut. Taylor, Annapolis	110
Capt. Hawbold, Pictou	100
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, North Sydney	100
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	100
Lieut. Tiller, St. John III.	100
P. S. M. Flood, Hamilton	100
Capt. Santuska, Hamilton	100
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	100
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's	100
Capt. Landley, Glace Bay	98
Capt. Ryan, Truro	90
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, Houlton	90
Capt. W. Clark, Carleton	90
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	88
Cadet March, New Glasgow	83
Sister Archibald, New Glasgow	83
Lieut. Payne, Westville	70
Capt. Lawes, Sydney	75
Capt. Macdonald, Sydney	75
Capt. Wyatt, Glanville	70
Lieut. Young, Hampton	70
Lieut. Ebsary, Parrsboro	70
Capt. Bell, St. George's	70
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	67
Cadet McDonald, St. John I.	67
Capt. Brazeal, Brookville	60
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	63
Sergt. Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	60
Capt. L. Doyle, Digby	60
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Lieut. Murielough, Windsor	60
Mrs. Ensign Kight, Carleton	55
Adit. Wiggins, Fredericton	53
May Miles, Kentville	52
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	50
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	50
Bro. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Thompson, Sydney	45
Ser. Ellis, Charlottetown	45
Capt. Packham, North Head	45
Lieut. N. Smith, Fairville	45
A. Ramie, Bridgetown	44
J. Hardwick, Bridgetown	44
Ensign Sabine, Westville	40
Ser. Firth, Charlottetown	40
Sergt. W. R. Charlottetown	40
Capt. Andrews, Sussex	40
Ensign Penny, Hillsboro	39
Lieut. Ginnaveau, Hillsboro	39
Lieut. Ebsary, Truro	37
Capt. Lonsdale, Carleton	37
Newman Betts, New Glasgow	35
Capt. Ritchie, Parrsboro	35
Lieut. Ebsary, Parrsboro	35
Ensign F. Knight, Carleton	35
Cand. N. Morrison, North Sydney	35
Lieut. Pemberton, Bridgetown	32
P. S. M. Clark, Fredericton	32
Ella Tupper, Houlton	30
Capt. G. P. Thompson, North Sydney	30
new	30
Bro. Fairweather, St. John III.	30
Cadet Munro, Carleton	30
Capt. Ebsary, Truro	30
Lieut. Chandler, Bear River	30
Sergt. Holden, Windsor	28
Capt. Welsh, Woodstock	28
L. Jones, St. John III.	27
Capt. England, Sydney Mines	25
Capt. Macdonald, Carleton	25
Capt. MacEachern, Chatham	25
Capt. Mercer, Liverpool	25
Lieut. Nettling, Liverpool	25
Capt. Piercey, Halifax I.	25
Lieut. Redmond, Dartmouth	24
Mrs. Capt. McMillan, Dartmouth	24
Capt. Ritchie, Bridgetown	23
Sister McKenzie, New Glasgow	20
Sister M. Nichols, New Glasgow	20
Sergt. Sharpman, Windsor	20
Sister V. Lebans, Fredericton	20
N. Donovan, Fredericton	20
Capt. Ryan, Truro	20
Sister Parks, Carleton	20
Adit. Crickton, Moncton	20
Bro. Armstrong, Lunenburg	20
Bro. Rice, Glace Bay	20
Maud Reatty, Fredericton	20
Capt. Wilson, Freeport	20
Capt. Jackson, Campbellton	20
Lieut. Tatum, Eastport	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

54 Hustlers.

Capt. Scott, Victoria (two weeks average)	147
Mrs. Park, Nelson	112
Capt. LeDrew, Sydney	110
Adit. Avey, Billings	100
Adit. Stevens, Rossland	63

Sergt. Glen, Butte	83
Mrs. Capt. Hooper, Anacoda	78
Mother Hooker, Anacoda	77
Capt. Ziebarth, Butte	75
Capt. Walrath, Livingston	70
Florida Pogue, Nelson	67
Ben. Preston, Spokane	65
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	65
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom	65
Lieut. Morris, New Whatcom	65
Lieut. Boyver, Kallispell	63
Capt. Krell, Vancouver	60
Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	58
Capt. Nesbitt, Missoula	58
Mrs. McDonald, Helena	57
Lieut. Avery, Butte	55
Cadet-Lieut. Owen, Revelstoke	52
Capt. Peterson, Kamloops	51
Mrs. Ensign Cummings, Helena	51
Sister Mortimer, Victoria (two weeks' average)	51
Bro. Moody, Vancouver (two weeks' average)	50
Sarah Frank, Port Essington	50
Sergt. Mrs. Dearden, Victoria	49
Sister Owen, Nelson	44
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	44
Hannah Knudson, Nelson	41
Blair Park, Nelson	41
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Dillon	39
Capt. Thoen, Rossland	37
Lieut. H. Johnson, Bozeman	35
Capt. Sheard, Great Falls	35
Cadet-Lieut. Smith, Great Falls	32
Mrs. Dobbins, Nelson	30
Capt. Langill, Kamloops	29
Sister Wallander, Rossland	27
Mrs. Blair, New Westminster	27
Capt. Meredith, Bozeman	25
Lieut. Lieut. Smith, Great Falls	25
Cadet Chibberg, Spokane	25
Bro. McKay, Rossland	25
Bro. Brett, Rossland	25
Sister Hoffman, New Westminster	22
Capt. Cain, Revelstoke	22
Capt. Bennett, Mt. Vernon	20
Lieut. Saint, Lewiston	20
Mrs. Wilson, Vancouver	20
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	20
Adj. Hay, New Westminster	20
Bro. Jackson, Rossland	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

45 Hustlers.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg	185
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	85
Ensign Taylor, Calgary	80
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg	71
Capt. Brander, Medicine Hat	68
Cadet Meron, Rat Portage	65
Sergt. Mrs. Curtis, Rat Portage	54
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	50
Capt. Storkes, Moose Jaw	50
Capt. Barrager, Fort William	50
Capt. Hurst, Souris	50
Capt. Pierce, Brandon	47
Capt. Anderson, Bismarck	46
Patner Harvey, Valley City	44
Cadet Price, Winnipeg	44
Ensign Hayes, Port Arthur	42
Lieut. McKay, Fort William	40
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Carberry	40
Capt. Woodworth, Fargo	40
Cadet Lawford, Brandon	38
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	38
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	37
Capt. Bunson, Minot	35
Lieut. Huzar, Moorhead	33
Capt. Fell, Grafton	32
Mrs. Roshbrook, Portage la Prairie	30
Lieut. Quist, Portage la Prairie	30
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Neepawa	30
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake	30
Mother Kelly, Fargo	30
Mrs. Capt. Westcott, Carman	26
Lieut. Nattall, Devil's Lake	26
Lieut. White, Edmonton	25
Capt. Hammond, Fargo	25
Cadet Oxenrider, Rat Portage	24
Capt. Gamble, Dauphin	23
Lieut. Hardy, Virden	23
Capt. Elliott, Dauphin	23
Adj. Bradley, Portage la Prairie	21
Lieut. Muller, Minot	20
Capt. Westcott, Carman	20
Lieut. Bristow, Morden	20
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	20
Sergt. Mrs. Lang, Brandon	20
Capt. Charlton, Calgary	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.

Jessie Lidstone, St. Johns I.	60
Julia Lidstone, St. Johns II.	60
Lieut. Cummings, Harbor Grace I.	54
James Dave, Tilt Cove	48
Sergt.-Major Ehsary, St. Johns I.	40
Sergt.-Major Blackmore, Pilley's Island	36
Capt. M. Jones, St. Johns I.	35
Ensign Hiseock, Harbor Grace	32
Cadet Durr, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet LeDrew, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt.-Major Newman, Twillingate	30
Cadet Skinner, Bay Roberts	26
Cadet Shute, St. Johns II.	26
Sergt. M. Bennett, Fortune	26
Sergt. Wheeler, Twillingate	25

Sergt. B. Hiseock, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. B. Muford, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Hutchings, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Mrs. Peidle, St. Johns I.	25
Lieut. Cummings, Harbor Grace	24
Cadet Bagges, St. Johns II.	23
Lieut. Foote, Tilt Cove	22
Sergt. Bartlett, Briggs	20
Mrs. Seaward, Heart's Content	20
Sergt.-Major Ash, Carboneau	20
Lieut. Duder, Carboneau	20
Bliss Payne, St. Johns I.	20
Mary Blundon, St. Johns I.	20
Lieut. Newhook, Heart's Delight	20

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Capt. Lloyd, Dawson	123
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson	75

Salvation Hand-Bell
Ringers on Tour.

As stated in our last report, the Hand-Bell Troupe arrived safely in Liverpool, N. S., after a drive of over thirty miles by stage from Bridgewater.

On Saturday we commenced to wake up the old-fashioned town in our usual fashion, with transpauers drawn by a team; the bass drum and brass instruments were all brought into requisition. We were piloted through the town by our comrade, Adj. Fraser.

We found 92° in the shade a trifle hot

vacks greeted us. The proceedings were listened to with rapt attention. The Major's talk was powerful. May God bless the people of Liverpool. We believe a great work will yet be done in their midst. Capt. Mercer and Lieut. Netting are holding on. The campaign resulted in nine souls, and \$53.40 collections.

Tuesday was a wet day, and the prospects of a thirty-two-mile ride back to Bridgetown for a meeting at night were anything but inviting. There is no other way open for us, however, so off we go in the rain at 8:50, and it did rain all the way. The covered rig allowed us a good deal of protection, and we arrived in Bridgewater safely, but cold and chilled to the bones. Capt. Richards, however, soon had a cup of tea ready and we were soon all right again.

At night, on account of the rain, we had a small crowd, but the meeting was one of the best we have had yet. After a program of music and song, the Major spoke with force from the text, "Remember Lot's wife." The backslider was made to see himself in the sight of God, and although no visible results, we believe our effort was not without effect. We believe God will give the increase.

Wednesday dawned bright and fair. After the rain, nature was magnificent to look upon, and we lifted up our hearts in thankfulness to God for His goodness to mankind.

At 6:15 p.m. we left Bridgewater for that notable town of Lunenburg, arriving at 7 o'clock, in time for the meeting. We were met at the depot by Captain



CAPT. H. C. HARKIRK,
In charge of Emerson Circle.

Around the Emerson Circle.

It is now nearly eleven months since I came to the Emerson Circle. Previous to my coming here many times had I heard of this wonderful Circle Corps, and to speak frankly, when I received my orders, many fears possessed me, for the reports I had heard had not been the most favorable and pleasing, and I can assure you His Satanic Majesty made the most of the opportunity to try and discourage me. I have found, although there may be many difficulties, there are a great many joys, and by God's help we have been able to gain many victories. The Circle is 91 miles round, and consists of six outposts. This distance we have to travel every week to get to our meetings alone, not allowing for the extra travelling out.





Selected by Ensign Ottaway, of Ottawa.

Ensign Ottaway is an officer of eight years' standing. She fought as a soldier at Barrie, and after passing through the Yorkville Training Home, in 1892, was appointed to Essex, as Lieutenant. After a brief stay here came the following appointments: Leamington, Sarnia, Wyoming, London, Strathroy, Seaford, Clinton, Blenheim, Essex (for a second term), and Ingersoll. She was promoted to the rank of Captain in January, 1896, and to her present rank in December, 1897, when she was appointed to the command of the Petrolia Corps and District. The Ensign's term here was marked with success, and under her able leadership her command made splendid advancement. Nearly nine months at Guelph followed, where, by the blessing of God, a good work was accomplished. In June, 1899, the Ensign received an appointment to the North-West, as District Financial Special, where she met with some generous responses to her appeals for funds for the extension of the work, particularly for the new Winnipeg



I mourn, I mourn, the sin that drove
Thee from me,
And blackest darkness brought into my
soul;
Now I renounce the cursed sin that
hindered,
And come once more to Thee, to be
made fully whole.

Descend the heavens, Thou Whom my
soul adores;
Oh, come just now, fill my poor long-
ing breast,
For Thee! for Thee! I watch, as for
the morning,
Apart from Thee I find neither joy,
peace, nor rest.

Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid be-
stowing,
Destroy the works of sin, and self,
and pride;
Burn, burn in me, my idols overthrow-
ing;
Prepare my heart for Him—for my
Lord crucified.

Experience or Testimony.

Tune.—Sweeping through the gates (B.
J. 27).

Who, who are these beside the chilly
wave,
Just on the borders of the silent
grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Chorus.
Sweeping through the gates of the New
Jerusalem,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
These, these are they who, in their
youthful days,
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's
ways
Proved the fulness of His grace,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These, these are they who, in affliction's
woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
Such as from a pure heart flows,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These, these are they who in the con-
flict dare,
Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire;
Jesus now says, "Come up higher!"
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
Safe, safe upon the over-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are
o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The Great Physician.

The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to
cheer;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!

Chorus.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung:
Jesus! blessed Jesus!

Your many sins are "all forgiven,"
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus!
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus!

Come, sinners, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus!
And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
"We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus."

There is a Fountain.

Tunes.—St. Peter's (B.J. 128); The
Judgment Day (B.J. 65); Add Last
Stanza (B.J. 37).

There is a Fountain filled with blood,
And sinners plunged beneath that
flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the Cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.

The dying rejected to see
That Fountain in his agony;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Ever since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
My Saviour's love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing his power to save;
When this poor sinner, stumbling,
Lies silent in the grave.

There's Mercy Still for Thee.

Tune.—B. J. 15.

O wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' loving face,
In darkness lying all the while,
Reflecting offences great and small,
To thee, Jehovah's voice doth
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee!

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee!
There's mercy still for thee!
Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee
whole,
There's mercy still for thee!

Long in the darkness, thou hast strayed,
Away from joy and peace;
Thou hast these worldly pleasures tried,
But found them soon to cease.
Without one lingering ray of hope,
In anguish thou mayst be;
Oh, listen to the joyful sound,
There's mercy still for thee!

Though sins of years rise mountains
high,
And would thy hopes destroy;
Thy Saviour's blood can wash away
The stains and bring thee joy to-day.
Now lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee;
While still the angels chant the strain,
"There's mercy still for thee!"

Solo.

My Burden at Thy Feet I Lay.

Guilty and weary, Jesus to Thee
I come; in mercy, oh, look on me;
Lord, Thy salvation now let me see,
And from all condemnation set my spirit
free.

Chorus.

My burden at Thy feet I lay,
O Lamb of Calvary,
No longer on sin's thorny way;
A wandering soul I'll be,
In guilt why should I further stray?
Thy blood was shed for me,
For my salvation Thou didst pay
The price upon the tree.

My sin, oh, pardon, turn not away.
To me, Lord, hearken, hear as I pray;
I am a sinner, Lord, this I own,
But grace to be the bringer Thou dost
leave Thy throne.

Thy word believing, pardon I claim,
Thy now receiving, from every stain
Cleansing and pardon, praised be Thy
name!
Broken is sin's dominion, henceforth
Thou shalt reign.